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P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS,

By the EARL of

ROSCOMON, &c.

W I T H

Some M E M O I R S of his L I F E.

VOLUME II.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XVIII.

POEMS

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS

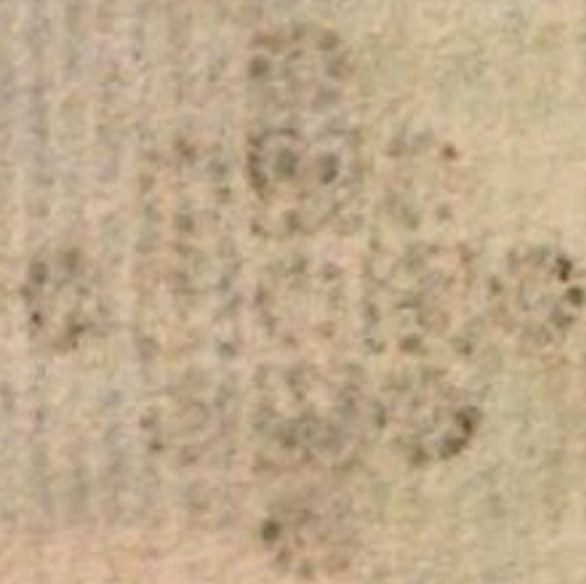
By the EARL of

ROSCOMMON, &c.

WITH

SOME MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE

VOLUME II.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year M.DCC.XVIII.



S O M E
M E M O I R S
O F T H E
L I F E and W R I T I N G S
O F T H E
E a r l o f *R O S C O M O N*.

S I R,

YOU having heard that a great many Particulars concerning the LIFE of the Earl of Roscomon, were *once* promis'd to the Public, but by Accident delay'd; I have adventur'd, upon your Request, to give you all such Certainties as may be depended upon, without entering into a Detail of Things that are meerly Traditional.

For a Person so remarkable, I must be plain in telling you, that all former Accounts fall very short of his natural and acquir'd Accomplishments ; the Writers contenting themselves with telling us (as they too frequently do) that he was *born*, and *dy'd*, with something very dry and barren between, to support the Honour of their Narrative, as a *true and faithful History*. How despicable these Things are in the Eyes of Men of Sense and Spirit, you very well know ; and I am sure that I should make but a poor Acquital of my Promise, unless I went a little farther than they have done.

His Name is of very great Antiquity in *Ireland*, as Sir JAMES WARE, and other Historians of that Kingdom, will inform you. His Family, in all Probability, were dignify'd with great Honours, soon after the Conquest of that Kingdom, and were originally Natives of *England*. The Earldom which he inherited, came to him by a long Descent, tho' there does not seem to be much of remarkable Note among them, to acquaint the World with, before his Time : Since his Death, indeed, some Branches of his Family, who follow'd the Fortunes of the late King JAMES, have made considerable Figures Abroad, especially in the Army, wherein this Earl made

made his first Step to Knowledge and Fortune. It appears, that the House he was descended from were of the *Roman Catholick Religion* ; but his Father* being very early converted from it, his Son WENTWORTH was educated in the *Protestant Persuasion*. I pass over the Particulars of his Youth, with only mentioning one Story from Mr. AUBREY† the Antiquary, which I leave to the Credit of you and the Reader, not without observing, that the Relater was a well-inform'd credulous Person. “*The Lord ROSCOMON being a Boy of ten Years of Age, at Caen in Normandy, one Day was (as it were) madly extravagant in playing, leaping, getting over the Table-Boards, &c. He was wont to be sober enough; they said, God grant this bodes no ill Luck to him: In the Heat of this extravagant Fit, he cries out, My Father is dead. A Fortnight after, News came from Ireland, that his Father was dead. This Account I had from Mr. Knolles, who was his Governor, and then with him; since, Secretary to the Earl of Stafford; and I have heard his Lordship’s Relations confirm the same.*

After the Death of his Father, it seems doubtful what Method was taken in his

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Educa-

* JAMES DILLON Earl of Roscomon.

† See Mr. Aubrey’s *Miscellanies*, in Octavo, Pag. 96.

Education, tho', by a Hint of Mr. DRYDEN's, it looks as if the Military Service was his first Employment, but in what Degree is uncertain.

*Roscomon first in Fields of Honour known,
First in the peaceful Triumphs of the Gown;
Who both Minervas justly makes his own.**

That he was at Oxford, Mr. Wood makes plainly to appear,† and took his Degrees in Arts; but whether he was a Member of that University, or only complimented them with a short Stay there, is equally uncertain. He was nominated to be created Doctor of Law in the Year 1683, when several other Noblemen || proceeded in the same; but what perhaps was a Compliment to their Birth, was directed to his Lordship's Merit; however, he did not take that Degree.

The next Notice we have of him, is, as a Courtier; when, by the particular Interest of the KING's Brother, the then Duke of York, he was made Captain of the Band of Pensioners,

* See Mr. Dryden's Verses, prefix'd to his Lordship's Essay on Translated Verse.

† See Athen. Oxon. Vol. 11, Pag. 893.

|| Robert Bulkley, second Son of Robert Lord Bulkley, Viscount Cashels in Ireland, and Henry Mordaunt, Earl of Peterborow.

Pensioners, and afterwards, *Master of the Horse* to the Dutchess of York; both which Places he continued in to the Time of his Death, as I am assur'd, contrary to the Reports of other Writers.

To speak of him as a Gentleman and a Poet, would be to enumerate all the good Qualities which the best of either, ever enjoy'd. In these States, tho' he never courted, yet he had the Applause of all the knowing and judicious Men of his Time. Mr. WALLER and Mr. DRYDEN have spoke of him to such an Advantage, that if his Works were not left to justify their Opinion, it might seem Flattery. Besides them, he was acquainted with, and admir'd by, all the *Wits* of that famous *Æra* King CHARLES the Second's Reign; and if we may be allow'd to guess from his Writings, Mrs. KATHERINE PHILIPS of the Female Sex, seems to have been his Favourite.* But of all the Persons whom he honour'd with his Friendship, none was so dearly intimate with him, as the learned and ingenious Dr. CHETWOOD. If you will

A 4

be

* He wrote the Prologue to the Tragedy of Pompey. Translated from the French of Monsieur Corneille, by Mrs. K. Philips. A Prologue spoken to the D. of York at Edinburgh, upon reviving one of her Plays. His Lordship also wrote an Epilogue to Alexander the Great, when acted at Dublin.

be pleas'd to read that incomparable Copy of Verses of the Doctor's, prefix'd to his Lordship's *Essay on Translated Verse*, you will be convinc'd what a near Alliance there was, both of Heart and Genius, between those eminent Persons. It is a great Pity that he does not (for he only can) give us a full Account of his Life and Character. What Works are properly his, are well known,* and need no Recommendation; especially, not that borrow'd one of giving him an Applause due to another, as has been lately done (by an ignorant Editor) in ascribing to his Lordship, *The Prospect of Death*, (which was written by the Reverend Mr. Pomfret. †) And, *The Prayer of Jeremy paraphras'd*, (by Mr. Southcott. ‖)

I can tell you no more of him, but that he dy'd in the Year 1684, at St. JAMES's, and was bury'd in *Westminster-Abbey*. His Character you may gather from the best Writings of his Contemporaries; where you will

* Besides his Poetical Works, his Lordship, in the Year 1682, made a Translation into French, of Dr. Sherlock's Discourse of Passive-Obedience, entitled, *The Case of Resistance of the Supreme Powers*. This was done at the Desire of the then Duke of Ormond.

† See Mr. Pomfret's Poems, printed for E. Curll.

‖ See Miscellaneous Poems and Translations, printed for B. Lintot.

will find him, in short, a brave Gentleman, a sincere Friend, a universal Master of the Sciences, and a Poet, whose Works, all that ever pretended to Poetry, have insur'd us will last to the latest Posterity.

*Such was Roscomon — not more Learn'd
than Good;*

*With Manners generous as his noble Blood;
To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was
known,*

And ev'ry Author's Merit but his own.

Essay on Criticism.

I am, Sir,

*London,
Nov. 16, 1717.*

Yours, &c.

G. S.



*His Lordship's Genuine Works are
as follow, viz.*

- I. *Horace's Art of Poetry.*
- II. *Horace, Book I. Ode 22.*
- III. *Horace, Book III. Ode 6.*
- IV. *An Essay on Translated Verse.*
- V. *Virgil's 6th Eclogue, translated.*
- VI. *A Paraphrase on the 148th Psalm.*

*These are in the Miscellany Poems, publish'd by
Mr. Dryden.*

- VII. *The Vision.*
- VIII. *The Wish.*
- IX. *The Ghost of the House of Commons.*
- X. *Tom Ross's Ghost.*
- XI. *Ode on Solitude.*
- XII. *On the Death of a Lady's Lap-Dog.*
- XIII. *Song on a Lady who sung finely.*
- XIV. *On the Day of Judgment.*
- XV. *A Copy of Verses to Mr. Dryden before
his *Religio Laici*, and two Prologues and
an Epilogue before-mention'd.*



POEMS

BY THE

Earl of Roscomon.

The VISION.

TO the pale Tyrant, * who to horrid Graves
 Condemns so many thousand helpless Slaves,
 Ungrateful we do gentle Sleep compare,
 Who, tho' his Victories as num'rous are.
 Yet from his Slaves no Tribute does he take,
 But woful Cares, that load Men while they wake.

When his soft Charms had eas'd my weary Sight
 Of all the baneful Troubles of the Light,

A 6

DORINDA

* Death.

DORINDA came, divested of the Scorn,
 Which the unequall'd Maid so long had worn :
 How oft in vain, had Love's great God essay'd
 To tame the Stubborn Heart of that bright Maid !
 Yet spite of all the Pride that swells her Mind,
 The humble God of Sleep † can make her kind.
 A rising Blush increas'd the native Store
 Of Charms, which but too fatal were before.

Once more present the *Vision* to my View,
 The *sweet Illusion*, gentle Fate, renew !
 How kind, how lovely she, how ravish'd I !
 Shew me, blest God of Sleep, and let me Die.

† *Morpheus.*



The



T H E W I S H.

A H happy Grove ! dark and secure Retreat
 Of sacred Silence, Rest's eternal Seat ;
 How well your cool and unfrequented Shade
 Suits with the chaste Retirement of a Maid :
 Oh ! if kind Heav'n had been so much my Friend,
 To make my *Fate* upon my *Choice* depend ;
 All my Ambition I would here confine,
 And only this *Elysium* should be mine.
 Fond Men, by Passion wilfully betray'd,
 Adore those Idols which their Fancy made ;
 Purchasing Riches with our Time and Care,
 We lose our Freedom in a gilded Snare ;
 And having all, all to our selves refuse,
 Opprest with Blessings, which we fear to use.
 Fame is at best but an inconstant Good,
 Vain are the boasted Titles of our Blood :

We soonest lose what we most highly prize,
 And with our Youth our short-liv'd Beauty dies.
 In vain our Fields and Flocks increase our Store,
 If our Abundance makes us wish for more;
 How happy is the harmless *Country Maid*,
 Who, rich by Nature, scorns superfluous Aid!
 Whose modest Cloaths no wanton Eyes invite,
 But like her Soul preserves the native White;
 Whose little Store her well-taught Mind does please,
 Nor pinch'd with Want, nor cloy'd with wanton Ease,
 Who, free from Storms, which on the Great Ones fall,
 Makes but few *Wishes*, and enjoys 'em all;
 No Care but *Love* can discompose her Breast,
Love, of all Cares the sweetest and the best.
 While on sweet Grass her bleating Charge does lie,
 Our happy Lover feeds upon her Eye;
 Not one on whom, or Gods, or Men impose,
 But one whom *Love* has for this *Lover* chose:
 Under some fav'rite *Myrtle's* shady Boughs,
 They speak their Passions in repeated Vows;
 And whilst a Blush confesses how she burns,
 His faithful Heart makes as sincere Returns:
 Thus in the Arms of *Love* and *Peace* they lie,
 And while they *Live*, their Flames can never *Die*.



*The GHOST of the late House of
Commons, to the New one ap-
pointed to meet at Oxford, in the
Year 1681.*

From deepest Dungeons of eternal Night,
The Seats of Horror, Sorrow, Pains, and Spite,
I have been sent to tell your tender Youth
A seasonable and important Truth!
I feel, (but oh! too late) that no Disease
Is like a Surfeit of luxurious Ease;
And of all other, the most tempting Things,
Are too much Wealth, and too Indulgent Kings.
None ever was superlatively ill,
But by Degrees, with Industry and Skill;
And some, whose Meaning hath at first been fair,
Grow Knaves by Use, and Rebels by Despair.
My Time is past, and yours will soon begin,
Keep the first Blossoms from the Blast of Sin;
And by the Fate of my tumultuous Ways,
Preserve your self, and bring serener Days.
The busy subtle Serpents of the Law,
Did first my Mind from true Obedience draw;
While I did Limits to the King prescribe,
And took for Oracles that canting Tribe,

I chang'd

I chang'd true Freedom for the Name of Free,
And grew Seditious for Variety ;
All that oppos'd me, were to be accus'd,
And by the Laws illegally abus'd ;
The Robe was summon'd, *Maynard* in the Head,
In legal Murder, none so deeply read :
I brought him to the Bar, where once he stood,
Stain'd with the (yet un-expiated) Blood
Of the brave *Strafford*, when Three Kingdoms rung
With his accumulative *Hackney-Tongue* ;
Pris'ners and Witnesses were waiting by ;
These had been taught to swear, and those to die,
And to expect their arbitrary Fates,
Some for ill Faces, some for good Estates.
To fright the People, and alarm the Town,
Bedloe and *Oates* employ'd the Rev'rend Gown.
But while the Tripple Mitre bore the Blame,
The King's three Crowns were their rebellious Aim :
I seem'd (and did but seem) to fear the Guards,
And took for mine the *Bethels* and the *Wards* ;
Anti-Monarchick Hereticks of State,
Immoral Atheists, Rich, and Reprobate :
But above all, I got a little Guide,
Who ev'ry Foard of Villany had try'd.
None knew so well the old pernicious Way
To ruin Subjects, and make Kings obey ;
And my small *Jehu*, at a furious Rate,
Was driving *Eighty* back to *Forty-eight*.
This the King knew, and was resolv'd to bear ;
But I mistook his Patience for his Fear.

All that this happy Island could afford,
Was sacrific'd to my Voluptuous Board.
In his whole Paradise, one only Tree
He had excepted, by a strict Decree ;
A sacred Tree, which Royal Fruit did bear ;
Yet It in Pieces I conspir'd to tear ;
Beware, my Child ! Divinity is there.
This so out-did all I had done before,
I could attempt, and he endure no more.
My unprepar'd, and unrepenting Breath
Was snatch'd away by the swift Hand of Death ;
And I, with all my Sins about me, hurl'd
To th'Utter Darknefs of the lower World :
A dreadful Place ! which you too soon will see,
If you believe Seducers more than Me.



TOM



Tom Ross's GHOST

TO HIS

PUPIL

THE

Duke of MONMOUTH.

SHame of my Life, Disturber of my Tomb,
 Base as thy Mother's prostituted Womb;
 Huffing to Cowards, fawning to the Brave,
 To Knaves a Fool, to cred'lous Fools a Knave,
 The King's Betrayer, and the People's Slave.
 Like *Samuel*, at thy Negromantick Call,
 I rise to tell thee, *God has left thee, Saul*.
 I strove in vain th'*Infected Blood* to cure;
Streams will run muddy, when the *Spring's* impure.
 In all your meritorious Life we see
 Old *Taff's* invisible Sobriety.

Places

Places of *Master of the Horse*, and *Spy*,
 You (like *Tom Howard*) did at once supply :
 From *Sidney's Blood* your *Loyalty* did spring ;
 You show us all your *Fathers*, but the *King*,
 From whose too tender, and too bounteous Arms,
 (Unhappy he, who such a *Viper* warms ;
 As dutiful a Subject, as a Son)
 To your true Parent, the whole Town, you run.
 Read, if you can, how th'old *Apostate* fell,
 Out-do his *Pride*, and merit more than *Hell* :
 Both He and You were glorious and bright,
 The First and Fairest of the Sons of Light ;
 But when, like Him, You offer'd at the Crown,
 Like Him, your angry Father kick'd you down.





SONG,

ON A

YOUNG LADY,

*Who sung finely, but was afraid of
a COLD.*

I.

WINTER, thy Cruelty extend,
'Till fatal Tempests swell the Sea;
In vain let sinking Pilots pray,
Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend;
Let piercing Frost, and lasting Snow,
Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow.

II. Yet

II.

Yet we unmov'd will sit and smile,
While you these lesser Ills create ;
These we can bear ; but, gentle Fate,
And thou blest Genius of our Isle,
From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,
At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

III.

May that Celestial Sound each Day
With Extasy transport our Souls,
Whilst all our Passions it controuls,
And kindly drives our Cares away ;
Let no ungentle Cold destroy,
All Taste we have of Heav'nly Joy.

From Noise, from

The Life

Gilding

How

That

For

The

As

Gilding

What

What

NO



ON THE
DEATH
OF A

Lady's LAP-DOG.

THOU, happy Creature, art secure
From all the Torments we endure :
Despair, Ambition, Jealousy,
Lost Friends, nor Love, disquiet thee ;
A sullen Prudence drew thee hence,
From Noise, Fraud, and Impertinence ;
Tho' Life essay'd the surest Wile,
Gilding itself with *LAURA's* Smile.
How didst thou scorn Life's meaner Charms,
Thou who cou'dst break from *LAURA's* Arms !
Poor *Cynick* ! Still methinks I hear
Thy awful Murmurs in my Ear ;
As when on *LAURA's* Lap you lay,
Chiding the worthless Crowd away.
How fondly human Passions turn !
What we then envy'd, now we mourn !

ODE



ODE

UPON

SOLITUDE.

I.

HAIL, Sacred *Solitude*! from this calm Bay,
 I view the World's Tempestuous Sea,
 And with wise Pride despise
 All those senseless Vanities:

With Pity mov'd for others, cast away
 On Rocks of Hopes and Fears, I see 'em tost
 On Rocks of Folly, and of Vice I see 'em lost:
 Some the prevailing Malice of the Great,
 Unhappy Men, or Adverse Fate,
 Sunk deep into the Gulphs of an afflicted State.
 But more, far more, a numberless prodigious Train,
 Whilst Virtue courts 'em, but alas! in vain,

Fly

Fly from her kind embracing Arms,
 Deaf to her fondest Call, blind to her greatest Charms
 And sunk in Pleasures, and in brutish Ease,
 They, in their shipwreck'd State, themselves obdurate (please

II.

Hail, Sacred *Solitude* ! Soul of my Soul,
 It is by Thee I truly live ;
 Thou dost me better Life and nobler Vigour give,
 Dost each unruly Appetite controul :
 Thy constant Quiet fills my peaceful Breast,
 With unmix'd Joy, uninterrupted Rest.
 Presuming Love does ne'er invade
 This private *Solitary-Shade* ;
 And, with fantastick Wounds, by Beauty made.
 The Joy has no Allay of Jealousy, Hope, and Fear,
 The solid Comforts of this happy Sphere ;
 Yet I exalted Love admire,
 Friendship, abhorring sordid Gain,
 And purify'd from Lust's dishonest Stain :
 Nor is it for my *Solitude* unfit ;
 For I am with my Friend alone,
 As if we were but one ;
 'Tis the polluted Love that multiplies,
 But Friendship does two Souls in One comprise.

III. Here

III.

Here in a full and constant Tide doth flow
 All Blessings Man can hope to know ;
 Here in a deep Recess of Thought we find
 Pleasures which entertain, and which exalt the Mind ;
 Pleasures which do from Friendship and from Know-
 Which make us happy, as they make us wise.
 Here may I always on this downy Grass,
 Unknown, unseen, my easy Minutes pass ;
 'Till with a gentle Force Victorious Death
 My *Slitude* invade,
 And stopping for a While my Breath,
 With Ease convey me to a better Shade.





T O

O R I N D A.*

In Imitation of H O R A C E, Book I.

O D E 22. Integer vitæ, &c.

I.

VIRTUE (dear Friend) needs no Defence,
 No Arms but its own Innocence;
 Quivers and Bows, and poison'd Darts,
 Are only us'd by guilty Hearts.

II.

An honest Mind safely alone
 May travel thro' the burning Zone ;
 Or thro' the deepest Scythian Snows ;
 Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows.

III. While

• Mrs. Katherine Phillips.

III.

While (rul'd by a resistless Fire)
Our great ORINDA I admire;
The hungry Wolves, that see me stray
Unarm'd and single, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest Place
That ever Neptune did embrace;
When there her Image fills my Breast,
Helicon is not half so blest.

V.

Leave me upon some *Lybian* Plain,
So she my Fancy entertain;
And when the thirsty Monsters meet,
They'll all pay Homage to my Feet.

VI.

The Magick of ORINDA's Name,
Not only can their Fierceness tame;
But if that mighty Word I once rehearse,
They seem submissively to roar in Verse.





ON THE
DAY of JUDGMENT.

I.

THE Day of Wrath, that dreadful Day,
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,
As *DAVID* and the *Sybils* say.

II.

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?

III.

The last loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound,
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV. Nature

IV.

Nature and Death shall, with Surprise,
Behold the pale Offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes:

V.

Then shall, with universal Dread,
The sacred Mystic Book be read,
To try the Living and the Dead.

VI.

The Judge ascends his awful Throne ;
He makes each secret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confess their own.

VII.

O then ! What Interest shall I make,
To save my last important Stake,
When the most Just have Cause to quake ?

VIII.

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring !

IX.

Forget not what my Ransom cost,
Nor let my dear bought Soul be lost,
In Storms of guilty Terror tost.

X.

Thou, who for me didst feel such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
Let not those Agonies be vain.

XI.

Thou, whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad accounting Day.

XII.

Surrounded with amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep; accept my Tears.

XIII.

Thou, who wert mov'd with MARY's Grief,
And, by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV. Reject

XIV.

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r ;
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare,
Which Death and gaping Hell prepare.

XV.

Give my exalted Soul a Place
Amongst thy chosen Right-Hand Race,
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

XVI.

From that insatiable Abyfs,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy Seat of Blifs.

XVII.

Prostrate, my contrite Heart I rend ;
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my End.

XVIII.

Well may they curse their second Breath,
Who rise to a reviving Death.
Thou Great CREATOR of Mankind,
Let guilty Man Compassion find.



XVI

Exult not in my unworthy Power;
 I receive no honour but from thee;
 Which Gave and keeps this Power.

XVII

Great my exalted Soul's Desire
 Angrily thy chosen Right-Hand Race,
 The Sons of God, and Mine of Grace.

XVIII

From that Inhabitable ADAM
 Where Plagues devour, and Anguish dies,
 Remove me to thy Seat of Bliss.

XIX

Prostrate, O my contrite Heart I stand;
 Thy God, my Father, and my King,
 Do not forsake me in my Need.

XX

Well might they curse their Accursed Birth,
 Who fill to a reviving God,
 Thou Great Creator of the World,
 In guilty Man Corruption bred.

MR. DRYDEN'S
CHARACTER
OF THE

Earl of DORSET
P O E M S

BY THE
Earl of *DORSET*.





P O E M S

BY THE

Earl of DORSET.



B 2

Mr. DRYDEN'S
 CHARACTER
 OF THE
 Earl of DORSET'S
 POEMS.*

THERE is not an *English* Writer this Day living, who is not perfectly convinc'd, that your Lordship excels all others, in all the several Parts of *Poetry* which you have undertaken to adorn. I will not attempt in this Place, to say any Thing particular of your *Lyrick* Poems, tho' they are the Delight and Wonder of this Age, and will be the Envy of the next. There is more of Salt in your Verses, than I have seen in any of the Moderns, or even of the Ancients; but you have been sparing of the Gall, by which Means you have pleas'd all

B 6

Readers,

* See his Discourse concerning the Original and Progress of Satire. Address'd to the Earl of Dorset, In 8vo. Written in the Year 1692, Pag. 4, 5.

Readers, and offended none. Your Writings are every where so full of Candour, that, like HORACE, you only expose the Follies of Men, without arraigning their Vices; and in this excel him, that you add that Pointedness of Thought, which is visibly wanting in our Great *Roman*. That which is the prime Virtue, and chief Ornament of VIRGIL, which distinguishes him from the rest of Writers, is so conspicuous in your Verses, that it casts a Shadow on all your Contemporaries; we cannot be seen, or but obscurely, while you are present. I read you with Admiration and Delight. For my own Part, I must avow it freely to the World, that I never attempted any thing in *Satire*, wherein I have not study'd your Writings, as the most perfect Model. I have continually laid em before me; and the greatest Commendation which my own Partiality can give to my Productions, is, that they are Copies, and no farther to be allow'd, than as they have something more or less of the Original. Some few Touches of your Lordship, some secret Graces which I have endeavour'd to express after your Manner, have made whole Poems of mine to pass with Approbation; but take *Your Verses* altogether, and they are *Inimitable*.



P O E M S

BY THE

Earl of *DORSET*.

*On the Countess of Dorchester, Mi-
stress to King JAMES the Second.
Written in the Year 1680.*

I.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why so gay,
Why such Embroid'ry, Fringe, and Lace?
Can any Dresses find a Way
To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
And mend a ruin'd Face?

II. *Wile*

II.

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
 Still ogle in the Ring?
 Can'st thou forget thy Age and Pox?
 Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks
 Make thee a fine young Thing?

III.

So have I seen in Larder dark
 Of Veal a lucid Loin;
 Replete with many a brilliant Spark,
 (As wise Philosophers remark)
 At once both stink and shine.

On the SAME.

PROUD with the Spoils of Royal Cully,
 With false Pretence to Wit and Parts;
 She swaggers like a batter'd Bully,
 To try the Tempers of Men's Hearts.

II.

Tho' she appear as glitt'ring fine,
 As Jems, and Jests, and Paint can make her;
 She ne'er can win a Breast like mine,
 The Devil and Sir David † take her.

† Sir David Collier.



ON
DOLLY CHAMBERLAIN,
A
SEMSTRESS
IN THE
New Exchange.

DOLLY's Beauty and Art,
Have so hemm'd in my Heart,
That I cannot resist the Charm :
In Revenge I will stitch
Up the Hole next her Breech,
With a Needle as long as my Arm.



A FAITHFUL
CATALOGUE

Of our most Eminent

NINNIES.

Written by the Earl of DORSET,
in the Year 1686.

*Quos omnes
Vicini oderunt, noti, Pueri atque Puellæ.*

Hor. Sat. I.

Curs'd be those dull, unpointed, doggrel Rhimes,
(Times.
Whose harmless Rage has lash'd our impious
Rise thou, my Muse, and with the sharpest Thorn,
Instead of peaceful Bays, my Brows adorn ;

Inspir'd

Inspir'd with just Disdain, and mortal Hate,
 Who long have been my Plague, shall feel thy Weight.
 I scorn a giddy and unsafe Applause:
 But this (ye Gods) is fighting in your Cause.
 Let *Sodom* speak, and let *Gomorrhah* tell,
 If those curs'd Walls deserv'd their Flames so well.
 Go on, my Muse, and with bold Voice proclaim
 The vicious Lives, and long detested Fame,
 Of scoundrel Lords, and their lewd Wives Amours,
 (Whores:
 Pimp Statesmen, Canting-Priests, Court-Bawds and
 Exalted Vice its own vile Name does sound,
 Thro' Climes remote, and distant Shores renown'd.
 Thy Strumpets, C——s, have scap'd no Nations Ear,
 C——d the Van, and F——th leads the Rear:
 A Brace of Cherubs, of as vile a Breed,
 As ever were produc'd of Human Seed.
 To all but Thee, the Punks were ever kind,
 Free as loose Air, and gen'rous as the Wind.
 Both steer'd thy P——e, and the Nation's Helm;
 And both betray'd thy F——e, and the Realm.
 Oh *Barbara*! thy execrable Name
 Is sure embalm'd with everlasting Shame.
 Could not the num'rous Host thy Lust suffice,
 Which in lascivious Shoals ador'd thy Eyes;
 (display'd,
 When their bright Beams were through our Orb
 And Kings each Morn their *Persian* Homage paid?
 Oh sacred J——s! may thy dread Noddle be
 As free from Danger, as from Wit 'tis free:

But

But if that good and gracious Monarch's Charms,
 Could ne'er confine one Woman to his Arms;
 What strange mysterious Spell, what strong Defence,
 Can guard that Front, which has not half his Sense?
 Poor S——y's Fall, ev'n her own Sex deplore,
 Who with so small Temptation turn'd thy Whore.
 But G——n bravely does revenge her Fate,
 And says, Thou court'st her thirty Years too late;
 She scorns such Dwindles; her capacious A——
 Is fitter for thy Scepter than thy T——.
 Old D——r, S——y, and M——t, know,
 Why in that stately Frame she lies so low;
 And who but her dull Blockhead would have found
 Her Windows small Descent on rising Ground?
 Thro' the large Sash they pass (like *Jove* of old)
 To her attendant Bawd, in Show'rs of Gold.
 M——t, (that insolent ill-natur'd Bear)
 From the close *Grotto*, when no Danger's near,
 Mounts like a rampant Stag, and ruts his Dear.
 But when by dire Mischance the harmless Maid
 In the dark Closet, with loud Shrieks, betray'd
 The naked Lecher, what a woful Grief
 It was? Th'Adulteress flew to his Relief,
 And sav'd his being murder'd for a Thief.
 Defenceless Limbs the well-arm'd Host assail'd;
 Scarce her own Pray'rs with her own Slaves prevail'd:
 (Weight,
 Though well prepar'd for Flight, he mourn'd his
 And begg'd *Acteon's* Change, to 'scape *Acteon's* Fate:
 But

But wing'd with Fear, tho' untransform'd, he bounds,
 And, swift as Hinds, out-stript the yelling Hounds.
 Beware Adulterers, betimes beware,
 You fall not in the same unhappy Snare:
 From N——k's Ruin, and his narrow 'Scape,
 S——e on, contented with a willing Rape,
 On a strong Chair, soft Couch, or Side of Bed,
 Which never does surprizing Dangers dread.
 Let no such Harlots lead your Steps astray,
 Her C——s will mount in open Clay;
 And from St. James's to the Land of *Thule*,
 There's not a Whore who S——s so like a Mule:
 And yet her blund'ring *Dolt* deserves a worse,
 Could Man be plagu'd with a severer Curse.
 A fitter Couple never sure were hatch'd;
 Some Marry'd are indeed, but they are Match'd.
 But seeing they are lawful Man and Wife,
 Why should the Fool and Drazel live in Strife,
 While they both lead the same lascivious Life?
 Or why should he to *Megg's* or *Circut's* come,
 When he may find as great a Whore at Home?
 M——e* (who all his Summons to big War,
 Safely commits to his wise Prince's Care)
 Lords it o'er all Mankind, and is the first,
 By Woman hated, and by Man accurs'd.
 Well has his Staff, a double Use supply'd,
 At once upheld his Body and his Pride.

How

* He carry'd the Lord Peterborough's Challenge to the King.

How haughtily he cries, *Page, fetch a Whore ;*
Damn her, she's ugly ; Rascal, fetch me more ;
Bring in that black-ey'd Wench ; Woman, come near ;
Rot you, you draggled Bitch, What is't you fear ?
 Trembling she comes, and with as little Flame,
 As he for the dear Part from whence he came.
 Thine, crafty S—r, was a good Design ;
 For sure his Issue ne'er will injure thine :
 But thou thy self must needs confess, that she
 Does justly curse thy Politicks and thee.
 Her noble Protestant has got a Flail,
 Young, large, and fit to seague her briny Tail ;
 But now, poor Wench, she lies as she would burst,
 Sometimes with Brandy, and sometimes with Lust.
 Tho' Prince, as Goats, she courts in vain her Drone ;
 The *Frigid* he, and she the *Torrid* Zone.
 Both Friend and Foe he with vast Ruin mauls,
 Who at first Thrust before, both Sexes falls.
 Had I, O ! had I his transcendent Verse,
 In his own lofty Strains, I would rehearse
 That deep Intrigue, when he the Princess woo'd,
 But lov'd Adult'ry more than Royal Blood.
 Young O——y (who lov'd the haughty Peer)
 Her Mother's darling Sins could best declare :
 But to her Memory we must be just ;
 'Tis Sacrilege to rob such beauteous Dust.
 O W——n, W——n ! what a wretched Tool,
 Is a dull Wit, when made a Woman's Fool ?

Thy rammish spendthrift Buttocks, 'tis well known,
 Her nauseous Bait has made thee swallow down,
 Tho' mumbled, and spit out by half the Town:
 How well my honest L ——— n she knows,
 The many Mansions in thy F ——— House?
 How often prais'd thy dear curvetting T ———,
 Which thou rid'st curb'd, like an unruly Horse?
 How big with Joy she went with thee to Church,
 When thou (false Varlet) left her in the Lurch?
 Ev'n E ——— t, who refus'd none before,
 Scorn'd to pronounce the Banns with such a Whore.
 To *Pancrass' Tom*, there such as she resort;
 (That † Mother-Church too does all Sinners court)
 As she has been thy Strumpet all her Life,
 'Tis Time to make her now thy lawful Wife,
 That B ——— y's Spouse may pride it in her Box,
 With Face and C ——— all martyr'd with the Pox.
 In some deep Saw-pit, both their Noddles hide;
 For 'tis hard guessing which has the best Bride.
 Ah *Tom*! thy Brother like a prudent Man,
 Has chosen much the better *Haradan*:
 She, a good-natur'd candid Devil, shows
 Him all the Bawding Jilting Tricks she knows.
 Thy *Rook* some trivial Cheats her Blockhead learns,
 While he the Master *Hocus* ne'er discerns.
 To Pox and Plague, oh! may she subject be,
 As she's from Child-bed Pain and Peril free:

Her

† Said to be the Mother of St. Paul's.

Her actual Sins invalidate the first,
 With Ease she teems, and brings forth unaccurst.
 To thee, *Lucina*, she need never call,
 Like ripen'd Fruit, her mellow Bastards fall;
 And what with needless Labour I disclose,
 Her well-stretch'd C——, and rivel'd Belly shows.
 Whoever, like *Charles D——g*, scorns Disgrace,
 Can never want, altho' he lose his Place:
 That Toothless Murd'rer, to his just Reproach,
 Pimps for his Sister, to maintain a Coach;
 And let what will the Church or State befall,
 One fulsom crafty Whore maintains 'em all.
 S——le, tho' loath'd, still the fair Sex adores,
 And has a Regiment of Horse and Whores.
 Amidst the common Rout of early Duns,
 For *Mustard*, *Soap*, *Milk*, *Small-coal*, *Swords*, and *Guns*;
 Two rev'rend Officers (more highly born)
 Wait on his stinking Levee ev'ry Morn,
 And in full Pomp his Palace-Gates adorn. }
 But which is most in vogue, is hard to tell,
 The publick Bawd, or private Centinel:
 That blubber'd Oaf, for two dull dribbling Bouts,
 Maintains two Bastards made of *Jenny's* Clouts.
 E'er it could fetch, 'twas like pox'd E——n spoil'd,
 Yet it can't touch a Wench, but she's with Child;
 But who can think that pestilential Breath
 Should raise up Life, that always blasts with Death?
 'Tis strange K——e, that refin'd *Beau Garçon*
 Was never yet at the *Bell-Savage* shown, }
 For he's a true and wonderful Baboon.

It therefore wisely was at first design'd
 He ne'er should like to propagate his Kind;
 But the dull venom'd Drought in vain employ'd,
 Like the false Serpent's, was it self destroy'd.
 With foul Corruption sure he first was fed,
 And by equiv'cal Generation bred.
 An honest * *Solon* Goose, compar'd to him,
 Is a fine Creature, and of more Esteem.
 No learn'd Philosophers need strive to know,
 Whether his Soul's *ex traduce* or no.
 He has none yet, nor never will, I fear;
 No Soul of Sense would ever enter there.
 I wonder he dares speak, for fear we jerk
 His lazy Bones, and make the Monkey work.
 If aged D——e has left the Trade,
 And had enough of costly Masquerade,
 With Flames renew'd, your old Amours pursue,
 Now R——r has nothing else to do.
 Well done, old H——e, we all thy Choice adore,
 She is the younger, and much better Whore.
 But H——s has sure, to his eternal Curse,
 Left his own Strumpet, and espous'd a worse.
 That blazing Star still rises with the Sun,
 And will, I hope, whene'er it sets, go down.
 St. Peter ne'er deny'd his Lord but thrice;
 But good St. Edward scorns to be so nice:
 He, ev'ry Mass, abjures what he before,
 On Tests and Sacraments so often swore.

His

* *A Sort of Geese bred in Scotland.*

His Mother-Church will have a special Son
 Of him, by whom his Father was undone.
 He turn'd, because on Bread alone he'd dine,
 And make the Wafer save his Bread and Wine,
Mammon's the God he'll worship any Way,
 And keeps Conviction ready to a Day.
 Forbid it Heav'n, I e'er should live to see
 Our pious Monarch's gorgeous Chapel be
 Fill'd with such Miscreant Profelytes as he. }
Miserere Domine ! Ave Maria !
 Poor Father *Dover* has got a *Gonorrhæa*.
 Was e'er (dread *F——s*) so much Affection shown ?
 He'd save thy Soul, but cares not for his own.
 How *S——y* prays, the old adult'rous Fop
 May find it a *Cormegán* swinging Clap !
 Unhappy Maid ! who Man has never known,
 And yet, with perilous Pangs, brought forth a Son !
 Our * *Chyro Medico Dydimus* nothing smelt,
 'Till he the sprawling Bantling heard and felt.
 And now it surely cannot be deny'd
 By him, who cur'd the King of what he dy'd.
 How *H——t* boasts, that his wise King's-Head Crew
 Foretold the dismal Times we all should rue.
 Curs'd be the Screech-Owls ! that rebellious Crowd
 Presag'd, indeed, *Rome's* swift Approach, as loud,
 As wise *Cassandra's* boding Voice of old,
 The wretched Fate of ancient *Rome* foretold.

But

* *Dr. King, a Man-Midwife.*

But why is he against the bringing in
 Any Religion that indulges Sin?
 He who his other Charges can retrench,
 To save ten Guineas for a handsome Wench;
 Or be content to part with twenty Pound,
 If Mrs. W——t insure her being found.
 That Idiot thinks the tawdry Harlot's glad
 To serve him now, for Favours she has had.
 But who (dear H——y) ever heard before
 Of Gratitude in any common Whore?
 She mounts the Price, and goes half Snack her self,
 And well knows how to cully such an Elf.
 Poor *Jenny* I must needs much more applaud,
 A better Whore, and truer Friend and Bawd.
 Like the *French* King, he all his Conquests buys,
 And pow'rful Guineas still subdues their Eyes.
 How his smug little black-ey'd Harlot gaz'd
 On's hoarded Gold, and fine Apartments prais'd!
 But F—— (not trusting to the Miser's Truth)
 Like *Joseph's* Sacks, with Money in her Mouth;
 Sometimes he'll venture for himself to trade,
 With awkward Grace, at Balls and Masquerade.
 But what was the proud Coxcomb e'er the near,
 Unless he got my Lady G——d there?
 Her Qualities to all the World are known,
 Fair as his Kin, and honest as her own.
 She makes her Brothel worse than common Stews,
 And loves to S—— in her own Tribe, like *Jews*.
 Incest with nearest Blood, Adult'ry, all
 Her darling Sins, we may well deadly call.

Whate'er in Times of Yore she may have been,
 Her Lust has now parch'd up her rivell'd Skin.
 Thou Town of *Edmonton*, I charge, declare
 What she and O——y did so often there.
 That * scribbling Fool, who writes to her in Metre,
 And only speaks his Songs to make 'em sweeter :
 Great *Virgil's* true Reverse in Sense and Fate ;
 For what another writ, procur'd his Hate.
 To be but thought a Wit, he lost his Place ;
 And yet to show he is not of that Race,
 Will write himself, and add to his Disgrace. }
 His *Valentinian's* learned Preface shines,
 Like *Memphis' Siege*, or *Bulleign's* radiant Lines.
 Among the Muses all his Time he spends,
 And his whole Study tow'rd *Parnassus* bends :
 Yet if for his, one handsome Thought be shown,
 Stop the dull Thief ; I'll swear 'tis not his own.
 Satire's his Joy ; but if he don't improve,
 Give me his Hatred, let her take his Love.
 That Fop she (H——t) more than Thee admires ;
 He often quenches her lascivious Fires.
 In vain poor H——y, with ridiculous Joy,
 Shews her, and ev'ry Fool, his hopeful Boy.
 His City Songsters, says he, keep such a Pother,
 She's sure he'll ne'er be able to get another.
 Join then, propitious Stars, their widow'd Store,
 And make them happy, as they were before ;

That

That is, may the decay'd incestuous Punk
 Swill like his Spouse, and he, like her, die drunk.
 Why, *H——n*, has the good old Queen the Grace,
 To see thy Bear-like Mien, and Baboon Face?
 Her Court (the Gods be prais'd) has long been free
 From *Irish* Priggs, and such dull Sots as he.
 The wakeful Gen'ral, conscious of thy Charms,
 Dreads thine, as much as *M——b's* fierce Alarms.
 Yet sure there is a greater Ditch between
 A greasy whiggish Dolt, and *C——s's* Queen.
 There is, and *H——n* soars not yet so high,
 His ogling Pignies dote on Lady Di.
 That Gudgeon on soft Baits will only bite,
 For easy Conquests are his sole Delight.
 And none can say, but that his Judgment's good,
 For all the *K——s* are made of Flesh and Blood.
V——n, the Glory of that lustful Tribe,
 Scorns to be meanly purchas'd with a Bribe:
 To Fame and Honour hates to be a Slave,
 But freely gives what Nature freely gave.
 Like Heirs to Crowns, with sure Credentials born,
 Her hasty Bastards private Entries scorn;
 In midst of Courts, and in the midst of Day,
 With little Peril force their easy Way.
 But *Woodford* is, methinks, a better Seat,
 And for distended Wems a safe Retreat.
 'Twas well advis'd (old *K——k*) no Dangers fear'd;
 No Groans, nor yelling Cries, can there be heard:
 In this lewd Town, and these censorious Times,
 Where ev'ry Whore rails at each other's Crimes.

Fair *Theodosia*! thy Romantick Name
 Had sure been blasted with eternal Shame:
 But thy wise Stratagems so well were laid,
 I'd almost swear, thou art a very Maid.
 Go on, and scorn our common S—— Rules;
 Let *W——p* make th' incestuous Uncles Fools:
 While *Prudence* pimps, and such a Foe combines,
 Impregnate more and more thy feedy Loins;
 Thou still art safe, tho' thy large Womb should bear,
 Like hers, who teem'd for ev'ry Day o'th' Year.
 Proud *O——d* justly thinks her *Dutch-built* Shape
 A little too unwieldy for a Rape.
 Yet being conscious it will tumble down,
 At first Assault, surrenders up the Town.
 But no kind Conqueror has yet thought fit
 To make it his belov'd imperial Seat.
 That batter'd Fort, which they with Ease deceive,
 Pillag'd and sack'd, to the next Foe they leave.
 And haughty *Di*, in just Revenge will try't,
 (Altho' she starve) with any senseless Wight:
 Not that to any Principle she's firm,
 But is debauch'd by damn'd seducing Sp——m.
 S——y well knew the banning Hour, when Seven
 The Main throws out, or else a Nick, Eleven:
 When her decrepit Spend-thrift, troopless R——k,
 Is (meek as *Moses*) hid in Fire and Smoak.
 Our Sacred Writ does learnedly relate,
 For one poor Babe, two Mothers hot Debate:
 But our two doughty Heroes, I am told,
 Which is the truest Father, fiercely scold.

Both

Both Claims seem just and great ; but gen'rous H——,
 Who always is on the right Side, prevails.
 He will not only save its Life, but Soul ;
 So poor P——l K——k is fobb'd off for a Fool.
 But 'tis all one ; Sir *Courtly Nice* does swear,
 He'll go to Mrs. *Grace* of *Exeter*.
 But why to *Ireland*, B——t ? Is't the Clime,
 Dost thou imagine, makes an easy Time ?
 Ungratefully, indeed, thou didst requite
 The skilful Goddess of the silent Night,
 By whose kind Help thou wast so oft before
 Deliver'd safely on thy Native Shore.
 Thy Belly shin'd, and an unusual Load
 Made thee believe K——k's Shoulders were too broad.
 And thou'dst be sure we should not hear thee roar :
 And if poor *Tussey Mussey* should be tore,
 Wisely resolv'd *Ned* should ne'er see it more :
 But since all's well, return, that we may laugh
 At *Irish* C——s, which in all Climes are safe.
 Justly (false M——h) did thy Lord declare,
 Thou should'st not in his Crown nor Empire share.
 Indeed (dear Pimp) it was a just Design,
 Seeing he had so small a Share of thine.
 Brave F——m, that thund'ring Son of Arms,
 With pow'rful Magick conquer'd both your Charms.
 Virtue, thy weak Lieutenant, ran away,
 Just like that cursed Miscreant, Coward G——y ;
 And as poor J——s from his new Subjects did,
 At last, from thy fair Breast the Gen'ral fled.

His Conversation, Wit, and Parts, and Mien,
 Deserv'd, he thought, at least a widow'd Queen.
 Nor wert thou sorry, since most Seeds are found
 To flourish better, when we change the Ground.
 He struck in Years, and spent in Toils and War,
 Could please thee less than did the strong D——r :
 Ne'er was a truer Stallion, to his Cost,
 He, as he was most able, lov'd thee most.
 But politick M———b thought it too much Grace,
 For one t' enjoy too long so great a Place.
 C———, next succeeds the lovely Train,
 And round his Neck displays a Captive's Chain.
 He, greater Fool, than any of the rest,
 They say, will marry with the trimming Beast;
 Which if he does, Oh ! may his Blood be shed
 On that high Throne where her last Traytor bled.
 Mysterious Pow'rs ! what wondrous Influence
 Governs (the ruling Stars) poor Mortal's Sense ?
 What unknown Motive our dread King perswades,
 To make lewd Ogle Mother of the Maids.
 The Gracious Prince had sure much wiser been,
 Had he made S———d Tutrefs to the Queen ;
 And then, perhaps, her chaste Instructions wou'd
 Have sav'd a World of unbegotten Blood :
 But pious J———s (with Parts profound endu'd)
 Will none prefer, but whom he knows are lewd.
 S———a, B———s, all of the Court Breed,
 Ladies of wond'rous Honour are indeed.
 Ye scoundrel Nymphs, whom Rags and Scabs adorn,
 Than that small poultry Whore more highly born ;
 IF

If you are wise, apply your selves betimes :
 None highly merit now, but by their Crimes,
 And the King does whate'er he's bid by * G—s.
 Which made the wiser Choice, is now our Strife,
 H——l has his Mistrefs, or the † Prince his Wife :
 Those ‖ Traders sure will be belov'd as well,
 As all the dainty tender Birds they sell.
 The learned Advocate, (that rugged Stump
 Of old N—'s Honour) always lov'd the Rump ;
 And 'tis no Miracle, since all the H——'s
 Were giv'n (they say) to raise intestine Broils :
 But seeing, to the upright Juror's Praise,
 We are return'd to *Ignoramus* Days ;
 The Lawyer swears he greater Hazard runs,
 Who F—— one Daughter than a hundred Sons.
 Prepost'rous Fate ! while poor Miss J——y bawds,
 Each foreign Fop her Mother's Charms applauds.
 Autumnal Whore ! To ev'ry Nation known !
 A Curse to them, and Scandal to her own.
 Forgive me, (Chaster H———n) if I name
 Her stinking Toes with thine of sweeter Fame.
 Thou wond'rous pocky art, and wond'rous poor ;
 But as she's richer, she's a greater Whore.
 What with her Breath, her Armpits, and her Feet,
 Ten Civet Cats can hardly make her sweet.

C 4

From

* By whom she got the Reversion of Mr. C——'s Place.

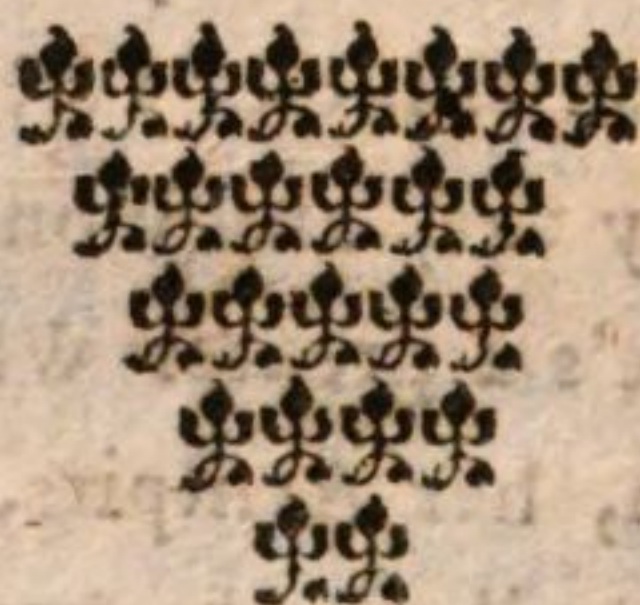
† N——d.

‖ Both Poulterers.

From all the Corners of the noisome Town,
 The Filth of ev'ry Brute ran freely down
 To that insatiate Strumpet's Common-Shore,
 Till it broke out, and poison'd her all o'er.
 Poor B——m in unsuccessful Verse,
 And Terms too mild, did her lewd Crimes rehearse.
 Bold is the Man that ventures such a Flight ;
 Her Life's a Satire, which no Pen can write :
 And therefore cursed may she ever be,
 As when old * H—e was catch'd with Rem in Re.

Cetera desunt.

* Lord M——e found her in Fact with my Lord
 R——r.



Tc



*To a Person of HONOUR, upon his In-
comparable Incomprehensible POEM.**

Come on, ye Criticks, find one Fault who dare ;
For, read it backward, like a *Witch's Prayer*,
Twill do as well ; throw not away your Jest
On solid Nonsense, that abides all Tests.
Wit, like *Tierce-Claret*, when't begins to pall,
Neglected lies, and's of no Use at all ;
But in its full Perfection of Decay,
Turns Vinegar, and comes again in Play.
Thou hast a Brain, such as thou hast indeed ;
On what else should thy Worm of Fancy feed ?
Yet in a Filbert I have often known
Maggots survive, when all the Kernel's gone.
This Simile shall stand in thy Defence,
Gainst such dull Rogues as now and then write Sense.
Thy Stile's the same, whatever be thy Theme,
As some Digestions turn all Meat to Phlegm.

C 5

He

* *The British Princes : An Heroick Poem written by
the Honourable Edward Howard, Esq; Printed in the
Year 1669.*

He lies, dear *Ned*, who says thy Brain is barren,
Where deep Conceits, like Vermin, breed in Carrion.
Thy stumbling founder'd Jade can trot as high
As any other *Pegasus* can fly.

So the dull Eel moves nimbler in the Mud,
Than all the swift-finn'd Racers of the Flood.

As skilful Divers to the Bottom fall,
Sooner than those that cannot swim at all,
So in this Way of Writing, without Thinking,
Thou hast a strange * *Alacrity in Sinking*.

Thou writ'st below ev'n thy own nat'ral Parts,
And with acquir'd Dulness, and new Arts
Of study'd Nonsense, tak'st kind Reader's Hearts.

Therefore, dear *Ned*, at my Advice, forbear
Such loud Complaints 'gainst Criticks to prefer,
Since thou art turn'd an arrant *Libeller* :

Thou sett'st thy Name to what thy self dost write ;
Did ever *Libel* yet so sharply bite ?

* Alluding to an Expression of Sir John Falstaff's in
Henry IV.





To Sir THOMAS St. SERFE; on the
Printing his Play call'd, TARUGO's
WILES.

Tarugo gave us Wonder and Delight,
When he oblig'd the World by Candle-light.
But now he's ventur'd on the Face of Day,
T' oblige and serve his Friends a nobler Way;
Make all our old Men Wits, States-men the Young,
And teach ev'n *English* Men the *English* Tongue.
James, on whose Reign all peaceful Stars did smile,
Did but attempt th' uniting of our Isle.
What Kings, and Nature, only could design,
Shall be accomplish'd by this Work of thine.
For who is such a Cockney in his Heart,
Proud of the Plenty of the Southern Part,
To scorn that Union by which he may
Boast 'twas his Country-man that writ this Play?

Phæbus himself, indulgent to thy Muse,
Has to thy Country sent this kind Excuse:
Fair Northern Lads, it is not thro' Neglect
I court thee at a Distance, but Respect.

I cannot act, my Passion is so great,
 But I'll make up in Light, what wants in Heat:
 On thee I will bestow my longest Days,
 And crown thy Sons with everlasting Bays.
 My Beams that reach thee shall employ their Pow'rs
 To ripen Souls of Men, not Fruits or Flow'rs.
 Let warmer Climes my fading Favours boast,
 Poets and Stars shine brightest in the Frost.



EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE to TARTUFFE.

MANY have been the vain Attempts of Wit,
 Against the still-prevailing Hypocrite;
 Once, and but once, a Poet got the Day,
 And vanquish'd *Busie* in a Puppet-Play;
 But *Busie* rallying, arm'd with Zeal and Rage,
 Possess'd the Pulpit, and pull'd down the Stage.
 To laugh at *English* Knaves is dang'rous then,
 While *English* Fools will think 'em honest Men:
 But sure no zealous Brother can deny us
 Free Leave with this our Monsieur *Ananias*.

A Man may say, without being call'd an *Atheist*,
 There are damn'd Rogues among the *French* and *Papists*,
 That fix Salvation to short Band and Hair,
 That belch and snuffle to prolong a Pray'r;
 That use (*enjoy the Creature*) to express
 Plain Whoring, Gluttony, and Drunkenness;
 And, in a decent Way, perform them too
 As well, nay better far, perhaps, than you:

Whose

Whose fleshly Failings are but Fornication,
 We Godly phrase it Gospel-Propagation,
 Just as Rebellion was call'd Reformation.
 Zeal stands but Sentry at the Gate of Sin,
 Whilst all that have the Word pass freely in.
 Silent, and in the Dark, for fear of Spies,
 We march, and take Damnation by Surprise.
 There's not a roaring Blade in all this Town
 Can go so far tow'rs Hell for Half-a-Crown,
 As I for Six-pence, for I know the Way ;
 For want of Guides, Men are too apt to stray :
 Therefore give Ear to what I shall advise,
 Let ev'ry marry'd Man, that's grave and wise,
 Take a *Tartuffe*, of known Ability,
 To teach and to increase his Family ;
 Who shall so settle lasting Reformation,
 First get his Son, then give him Education.



EPILOGUE



EPILOGUE *upon the Reviving of*
 BEN. JOHNSON'S *Play call'd, Every*
 Man in his Humour.

INtreaty shall not serve, nor Violence,
 To make me speak in such a Play's Defence,
 A Play, where Wit and Humour do agree
 To break all practis'd Laws of *Comedy*:
 The Scene (what more absurd) in *England* lies,
 No Gods descend, nor dancing Devils rise;
 No captive Prince from unknown Country brought,
 No Battle, nay, there's scarce a Duel fought;
 And something yet more sharply might be said;
 But I consider the poor Author's dead;
 Let that be his Excuse — Now for our own,
 Why, — Faith, in my Opinion, we need none.
 The Parts were fitted well; but some will say,
 Pox on 'em, Rogues, what made 'em chuse this Play?
 I do not doubt but you will credit me,
 It was not Choice, but meer Necessity;

To

To all our writing Friends, in Town, we sent,
 But not a Wit durst venture out in *Lent*;
 Have Patience but 'till *Easter* Term, and then
 You shall have Jigg and Hobby-horse agen.
 Here's Mr. *Matthew*, our domestick Wit,
 Does promise one of the ten Plays he's writ;
 But since great Bribes weigh nothing with the Just,
 Know, we have Merits, and to them we trust:
 When any Fasts, or Holidays, defer
 The publick Labours of the *Theatre*,
 We ride not forth, altho' the Day be fair,
 On ambling Tit to take the Suburb Air;
 But with our Authors meet, and spend that Time
 To make up Quarrels between Sense and Rhime.
 Wednesdays and Fridays constantly we fate,
 'Till after many a long and free Debate,
 For divers weighty Reasons 'twas thought fit,
 Unruly Sense shou'd still to Rhime submit.
 This the most wholesome Law we ever made,
 So strictly in this *Epilogue* obey'd,
 Sure no Man here will ever dare to break.

Enter Johnson's Ghost.

Hold, and give Way, for I my self will speak;
 Can you encourage so much Insolence,
 And add new Faults still to the great Offence
 Your Ancestors so rashly did commit
 Against the mighty Pow'rs of Art and Wit?

When

When they condemn'd those noble Works of mine,
Sejanus, and my best lov'd *Cataline* :
 Repent, or on your guilty Heads shall fall
 The Curse of many a Rhiming Pastoral :
 The three bold *Beauchamps* shall revive again,
 And with the *London-Prentice* conquer *Spain*.
 All the dull Follies of the former Age
 Shall find Applause on this corrupted *Stage*.
 But if you pay the great Arrears of Praise,
 So long since due to my much-injur'd Plays,
 From all past Crimes I first will set you free,
 And then inspire some one to write like Me.



KNOT



K N O T T I N G.

AT Noon, in a Sunshiny Day,
 The brighter Lady of the May,
 Young *Chloris* innocent and gay,
 Sate knotting in a Shade :

Each slender Finger play'd its Part,
 With such Activity and Art,
 As would inflame a youthful Heart,
 And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite Swain by chance came by,
 He saw no Anger in her Eye ;
 Yet when the bashful Boy drew nigh,
 She would have seem'd afraid :

She let her Ivory Needle fall,
 And hurl'd away the twisted Ball ;
 But strait gave *Strephon* such a Call,
 As would have rais'd the Dead.

Dear gentle Youth, is't none but thee ?
 With Innocence I dare be free ;
 By so much Truth and Modesty
 No Nymph was e'er betray'd .

Come

Come lean thy Head upon my Lap ;
While thy smooth Cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a Nap.

Which he, poor Fool, obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore,
And found him fast asleep all o'er.

She sigh'd, and could endure no more,

But starting up, she said,

Such Virtue shall rewarded be :

For this thy dull Fidelity,

I'll trust you with my Flocks, not me,

Pursue thy grazing Trade ;

Go milk thy Goats, and shear thy Sheep,

And watch all Night thy Flocks to keep ;

Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep

By me mistaken Maid.





A SONG to CHLORIS *from the*
BLIND ARCHER.

I.

AH Chloris, 'tis Time to difarm your bright Eyes,
And lay by those terrible Glances;
We live in an Age that's more civil and wise,
Than to follow the Rules of Romances.

II.

When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout,
They'll allow you no long Time of Courting;
And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out,
For all Maidens are Mortal at Fourteen.





A S O N G.

I.

M^{(long,} Ethinks the poor Town has been troubled too
With *Phillis* and *Chloris* in every Song ;
By Fools, who at once can both love and despair,
And will never leave calling 'em cruel and fair.
Which justly provokes me in Rhime to express
The Truth that I know of bonny Black *Bess*.

II.

This *Bess* of my Heart, this *Bess* of my Soul,
Has a Skin white as Milk, and Hair black as a Coal ;
She's plump, yet with Ease you may span her round
Waste,
But her round swelling Thighs can scarce be embrac'd :
Her Belly is soft, not a Word of the rest ;
But I know what I think, when I drink to the Best.

III.

The Plowman and 'Squire, the arranter Clown,
At Home she subdu'd in her *Paragon* Gown ;
But now she adorns both the Boxes and Pit,
And the proudest Town Gallants are forc'd to submit :

All

All Hearts fall a leaping wherever she comes,
And beat Day and Night, like my Lord Craven's Drums.

IV.

I dare not permit her to come to *Whitehall*,
For she'd out-shine the Ladies, Paint, Jewels, and all;
If a Lord should but whisper his Love in the Crowd,
She'd sell him a Bargain, and laugh out aloud:
Then the Queen over-hearing what *Betty* did say,
Would send Mr. Roper to take her away.

V.

But to those that have had my dear *Bess* in their Arms
She's gentle, and knows how to soften her Charms;
And to every Beauty can add a new Grace,
Having learn'd how to lisp, and to trip in her Pace;
And with Head on one Side, and a languishing Eye,
To kill us by Looking as if she would Die.



SONG,



SONG,

Written at Sea in the first Dutch War.

I.

TO all you Ladies now at Land
 We Men at Sea indite;
 But first wou'd have you understand
 How hard it is to write;
 The Muses now, and Neptune too,
 We must implore to write to you.
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

II.

For tho' the Muses should prove kind,
 And fill our empy Brain;
 Yet if rough Neptune rouze the Wind,
 To wave the Azure Main,
 Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we,
 Roul up and down our Ships at Sea.
With a Fa, &c.

III. Then

III.

Then, if we write not by each Post,
 Think not we are unkind ;
 Nor yet conclude our Ships are lost
 By *Dutch*-Men, or by Wind :
 Our Tears we'll send a speedier Way,
 The Tide shall bring 'em twice a Day.
With a Fa, &c.

IV.

The King with Wonder and Surprise
 Will swear the Seas grow bold ;
 Because the Tides will higher rise,
 Than e'er they us'd of old :
 But let him know it is our Tears
 Brings Floods of Grief to *Whitehall* Stairs.
With a Fa, &c.

V.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to know
 Our sad and dismal Story ;
 The *Dutch* wou'd scorn so weak a Foe,
 And quit their Fort at *Goree* :
 For what Resistance can they find
 From Men who've left their Hearts behind ?
With a Fa, &c.

VI. Let

VI.

Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutch Men vapour, Spaniards curse,
No Sorrow we shall find :
'Tis then no Matter how Things go,
Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.
With a Fa, &c.

VII.

To pass our tedious Hours away,
We throw a merry Main ;
Or else at serious Ombre play ;
But why should we in vain
Each other's Ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
With a Fa, &c.

VIII.

But now our Fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our Hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our Woe,
Sit careless at a Play :
Perhaps permit some happier Man
To kiss your Hand, or flirt your Fan.
With a Fa, &c.

IX.

When any mournful Tune you hear,
 That dies in ev'ry Note ;
 As if it sigh'd with each Man's Care,
 For being so remote :
 Think then how often Love we've made
 To you, when all those Tunes were play'd.
With a Fa, &c.

X.

In Justice you cannot refuse,
 To think of our Distress ;
 When we for Hopes of Honour lose
 Our certain Happiness ;
 All those Designs are but to prove
 Our selves more worthy of your Love.
With a Fa, &c.

XI.

And now we've told you all our Loves,
 And likewise all our Fears ;
 In hope this Declaration moves
 Some Pity for our Tears :
 Let's hear of no Inconstancy,
 We have too much of that at Sea.
With a Fa, la, la, la, la.

End of the Earl of Dorset's POEMS.



MISCELLANT P O E M S

By several Hands.

DRYDEN'S *Satire to his MUSE.*

Written by the Lord SOMERS.

*Quo liceat Libris, non licet ire mihi :
Turpiter buc, illuc ingeniosus eat.*

Hear me, dull Prostitute, worse than my Wife,
Like her, the Shame and Clog of my dull Life;
Whose first Essay was in a Tyrant's Praise,
Bawdy in Prologues, blasphemous in Plays:

So lewd, thou mad'st me for the Church unfit,
 And I had starv'd, but for a lucky Hit,
 When the weak Ministers implor'd my Wit :
 Stol'st me from Business, where I might have made
 A solid Fortune, to thy barren Trade.
 My Father wisely bid me be a Clerk ;
 Thou whisper'd'st, Boy, be thou a tearing Spark.
 I from that fatal Hour new Hopes persu'd,
 Set up for Wit, and awkwardly was lewd ;
 Drank 'gainst my Stomach, 'gainst my Conscience ^{swore,}
 Against my Will I marry'd a rank Whore :
 After two Children, and a third Miscarriage,
 By brawny Brothers hector'd into Marriage.
 Affected Rapes and Lusts I'd never known ;
 As if that all G O M O R R A H was my own.
 Nor Love, nor Wine, could ever see me gay,
 To Writing bred, I knew not what to say.
 With scolding Wife, and starving Chits beset,
 When I want Money, and no Friend will treat,
 Chear'd with one Cup of thy Castalian Spring,
 I can abuse the Church, my Friend, and King ;
 Tell him he's jilted, fool'd, led by the Nose,
 Then, like *Almanzor*, turn upon his Foes ;
 Libel his Mistresses, and States-men too,
 Then o'er his whoring Life old *David* throw,
 By whom *Uriah* was so basely slain ;
 But our good Monarch spares his *Castlemain*,
 And *Oates* his Plots and Treasons swears in vain :

Defame

Defame the Men that gave me Meat and Cloaths,
 And then deny it with a thousand Oaths.
Adriel to please, call *Rochester* a Fool,
Sidley a Capuchin, and *Dorset* dull.
 I, like *Borosky*, by the false Count hir'd,
 On *Scroop* my Blunderbuss of Satire fir'd;
 In cool Blood call'd him Fool, Knave, Coward too;
 What more to *Hall* or *Cranbourn* could I do,
 Who long enjoy'd e'er I began to woo?
 Thou'lt say, perhaps, What is all this to thee,
 If I a Coward, Cuckold, Villain be?
 But then thou should'st thy sacred Aid refuse,
 When I invoke it to so base a Use;
 Blunt of my murd'ring Pen, the killing Point,
 And honestly refuse the odious Hint.
 But thou ne'er com'st so gladly to my Call,
 As when on Merit unprovok'd I fall.
 Is there a Patriot to be defam'd,
 Lady abus'd, or virtuous Action-blam'd?
 Thou, with officious Haste, rank'st ev'ry Word,
 And giv'st thy raging Madman a sharp Sword:
 Devils to Witches are not more at Hand,
 Than thou, when I an hellish Task command.
 To thee, Ungrateful! what has *Monmouth* done,
 That, *Parson*-like, thou call'st him *Absalon*?
 And by that Name dost foolishly infer,
 He from old *David*'s Head the Crown would tear.
 Was he ambitious, he had kept his Place,
 Stood high in *David*'s as the People's Grace;

And warlike Chief of the *Prætorian* Bands,
 To the whole Nation's Hearts had join'd their Hands;
 Of publick Good dissembled his deep Care,
 With the false *Jebusite* a-while kept fair;
 Then in some great decisive glorious Day,
 Make those vile Cormorants disgorge their Prey,
 Our Church, Religion, Freedom, and our Laws,
 Those darling Morfels of their longing Jaws.
 Wise *Stanley* thus, 'till *Bosworth's* fatal Day,
 Did seeming Faith to cruel *Richard* pay;
 But left the Tyrant in the Heat of Fight,
 And brought Success to *Harry's* drooping Right.
Monmouth's brave Mind could no Disguise endure,
 Still noble Ways preferring to secure,
 While *David* lavishes his People's Love,
 He buys the Purchase with Design t' improve;
 And like some prudent Kinsmen, re-convey
 What the wild Heir hath vainly thrown away,
 Lest the Great Ancient Family decay. }
 Good honest *David*, why would'st thou have made
 Of such a Son and Parliament afraid?
 Which whilst he sways, what Faction dares dispute,
 Or who can say, He is not Absolute!
 Thro' them he may command the People's Purse,
 And spend their Wealth and Blood without a Curse.
 By Laws they would a Popish Heir exclude,
 Not by rude Force, or a tumultuous Crowd:
 Against *Navarre* the factious Princes leagu'd,
 And the right Heir the Papal World intrigu'd:

When

When a long War had plac'd him on the Throne,
 The State-Religion he was forc'd to own ;
 The harmless People took it in good Part,
 The zealous Church yet stabb'd him to the Heart ;
 Taught all by Story, there was no Defence,
 (Prince.
 But they must change their Faith, or change their
 Who would not here the like Extreame prevent,
 And settle Things by Aid of Parliament ?
 Thou only Court presiding at the Helm,
 Which mak'st all others useful to the Realm ;
 Inferior Judges trembling to decree
 What may hereafter be condemn'd by thee :
 The Chancellor's and ill States-men's only Dread,
 For it is thou alone can reach their Head.
 By thee fell *Wolfey*, and false *Clarendon*,
 Abandon'd by their Kings, but here undone ;
 Both overwhelm'd for daring to remove,
 Or stem the Torrent of their Master's Love :
 The one Fair *Bullen* to his Prince deny'd ;
 The other made lov'd *Stuart*, *Richmond's* Bride,
 And with the Royal Blood for ever mingled *Hide*. }
 To their own Ruin can all Men agree,
 And none the Precipice but Courtiers see ?
 Courtiers, who importune the Sovereign,
 To pardon Robbers, Cut-throats, for their Gain ;
 Who live on Ideots, Lunaticks, Forfeits, Fines,
 And cannot thrive but when the Nation pines.
 Unhappy we, if rul'd by such, whose Rent
 Consists in Breaches of the Government.

Some few there are with great Estates indeed,
 Yet labour with imaginary Need :
 Strange Sort of Fools, who, for one Pension more,
 Enslave themselves, and all they had before.
 Others, with Titles and new Earldoms caught,
 Would give up all for which the Barons fought :
 They're equally unfit for Government,
 Who nothing have, or nothing will content.
 Who bid thee in *Achitophel's* vile Name,
 Old *David's* Errors and his Faults proclaim ?
 Or say, *Plots True or False are needful Things,*
To set up Common-wealths, and pull down Kings ?
 That *David* (whom thou dost with Rev'rence name)
 Charm'd into Ease, grows careless of his Fame,
 And brib'd with petty Sums of foreign Gold,
 Is grown in *Bathsheba's* Embraces old ?
 That (like the Prince of Angels) from his Height,
 He now comes downward with diminish'd Light ?
 If *David* once ill Language lay to Heart,
 Who shall the Poet from the Traytor part ?
 The People's Voice, of Old the Voice of God,
 Thou call'st the Voice of an unruly Crowd.
 Crowds are the Fools, —————
 That flock to thine and *D'Urfey's* Loyal Plays,
 And give implicit Claps on your third Days :
 About the Stage of Mountebank they wait,
 And whoop at Cudgels, or a broken Pate,
 But have, like thee, no Int'rest in the State.

Rule as thou wilt the Realm of *Mexico*,
 And under Iron Yokes make *Indians* bow;
 But with old *England* what hast thou to do?
 Who from our Kings an useful Pow'r would take;
 Nor have they Pow'r; but for the People's Sake
 Disarm themselves, and *Anarchy* bespeak.
 Kings may do good at their full Stretch of Will,
 And need not for a Strain of Law stand still:
 They spare with Mercy, tho' with Judgment kill,
 Confin'd, like God, only from doing Ill.
 Thus in our Papal Fire, to save the Town,
 Some Houses were blown up, and some pull'd down:
 None blam'd the Order, since 'twas understood,
 A private Mischief's for the publick Good.
 Tho' we all perish, yet we must forbear
 The sacred Title of a Popish Heir,
 If we thy foolish Politicks should hear.
 Somewhere there must a Sov'reign Power be,
 In King, in Lords, in Commons, or all Three,
 Deriv'd from God, and only less than his,
 Which can do all, and nothing do amiss;
 The sacred Ties of Marriage can dissolve,
 And Children in their Parents Crimes involve,
 Making those Bastards who had else been Heirs,
 And injur'd Husbands legal Widowers;
 Cut off Entails, make new, repeal old Laws,
 And of contending Kings decide the Cause.
 Thus from the Helm our learned *Richard* thrust,
 Confess'd their Pow'r, and own'd their Sentence just.

D 5 And

And on the Throne our brave Fourth *Edward* fate,
 Whilst *Harry* liv'd a Pris'ner of the State.
Alphonso thus depos'd for his weak Life,
Pedro enjoy'd his Kingdom and his Wife.
 There *Jus Divinum* barks not at his Right,
 Damns not his Rule by Day, nor Love by Night.
 In his Defence each private Man may kill;
 Must then a Nation perish and stand still!
 If for our Laws, Faith, God, we may not fight,
 When can a Christian Sword be in the Right?
 Oh! the prodigious Wit, and wond'rous Sting,
 To call *Achit'phel's* Son, unfeather'd two-legg'd Thing!
 So by old *Plato* Man was once defin'd,
 'Till a pull'd Cock that Notion undermin'd.
 Thy *Amiel* with Bull *Jonas* self may vye
 For all but Courage, Wit, and Honesty.
 As loud he roar'd 'gainst the Prerogative,
 As sharply blam'd, as stingily would give,
 'Till his own Wants oblig'd him to receive,
 And on his cheated Sire he could no longer live;
 Whose whole Estate when he in Trust had got,
 Thy honest *Amiel* grudg'd him Pipe and Pot.
 Thy *Hushai* next, a true Friend e'er a Man,
 So soon his Dearness with his Prince began,
 Was but Fourteen when *David* was Abroad,
 Less fit for a King's Friendship than a Rod;
 Which he deserv'd, when he with Tears reply'd,
 And in full House the loyal Baby cry'd,
 How could one *German* Journey reach his Youth,
 And add Experience to his native Truth!

Abroad

Abroad he learn'd to live upon his Prince,
As ev'ry Fool, Whore, Bully, has done since;
To other Merit he has no Pretence.

}

Barzillai's Praise I could rehearse again,
And make the second Labour of my Pen;
Wise, Valiant, Loyal, Rich, of high Descent,
Born t' all that Fortune for her Darlings meant,
Who nobly scorn'd a private Happiness,
When he beheld the Sov'reign in Distress:
To Arms he flew, but, with bold *Cato's* Fate,
Espous'd the Cause that Fortune seem'd to hate:
Striving to save the Head that wore the Crown,
He pull'd the mighty Ruin on his own.

But why extoll'st *Jerusalem's* Sagan,
At Drink and Whores indeed a very Dragon?
Not *Magdalen*, possess'd in all her Prime
With her ten Devils, could have equal'd him.
Why wouldst thou call thy *Adriel* a Muse,
And *David* of his hasty Rise accuse?

When we all know, the same obliging Hand
Gave him his *George*, and *Churchill* his Command,

Band.

Jermin his Country House, and *Bromwich* his Poynt
Or *Jotham* flatter'd that vain fickle Thing,
Famous for Jest upon the Church and King:
One while *Pythagoras's* harmless Food,
For Thoughts and Politicks must cool his Blood;
And then again with Whores and lusty Wines,
Revels all Night, and thinks him mad that dines.

}

Quibbles, Jokes, Puns, and trifling Wit he has,
 And, like the *Swede*, is very rich in Brass:
 Against the Court and *David's* self he roar'd,
 How ill he govern'd, and how worse he whor'd;
 Would swear a Parrot had more Wit than *Nelly*,
 (Belly.
 With her parch'd Face, more wrinkled than P——
 Yet now to both, like Popish Saints, he prays,
 Which shews he will not burn in *James's* Days:
 In his plain Band, and Honesty in Show,
 He only aim'd at *Danby's* Overthrow;
 Which when obtain'd, this Patriot had his Ends,
 And farewell all his plain well-meaning Friends;
 There was no Plot, no Popish Duke to fear,
 With *Danby* all our Dangers disappear.
Danby thus setting, to prevent dark Night,
 This paler Moon shews forth its clearer Light,
 Misguides our Counsellors with her glim'ring Ray,
 And all our Men of Bus'ness lose their Way:
 Our Parliament's dissolv'd, new Members meet,
 An *Oxford* Journey must allay their Heat:
 But the true *English* Interest appear'd,
 The *Silver-Smiths* for their *Diana* fear'd;
 Pop'ry would pass on us in no Disguise,
 No Flow'rs could hide that Serpent from our Eyes.
 We're in such haste dissolv'd, that in the Street
 New Chosen with Dissolving Members meet;
 And then a Paper, in good *David's* Name,
 Must the Proceedings of the House defame.

Sheriffs

Sheriffs and Juries pack'd, Justices made
 Knights of th' Address, and all false Colours laid,
 To cheat their Party with a vain Conceit,
 The People, Parliaments both fear, and hate.
 What *Sampson* in a Dungeon Captive, blind,
 In spiteful Rage for cruel Foes design'd,
 The House of Commons must be thought to do
 Against themselves, and those that trust 'em too.
 The Head shall sooner fear its own right Hand,
 Parents their smiling Infants Death command,
 The chearful Birds sit silent in the Spring,
 Than Lords and Commons hurt the Realm or King.
 They may thy Heroes, that small faithful Band,
 Precious Counsellors, who dare singly stand
 'Gainst the collective Wisdom of the Land. }
David in Exile had more Friends than thou
 Wilt to his best, his happier Days allow.
 Why sounds thy Trumpet in the Time of Peace?
 Art thou afraid our Diff'rences should cease,
 That thus thou talk'st of Rebels, Treasons, more
 Than any *Irish* Witness ever swore?
 Soldiers of Fortune, thus to drive a Trade,
 Care not what Ruin, or what Slaughter's made.

But hear me prophesy, and mark me well;
 E'er thrice the Rose renews its fragrant Smell,
 People and King shall join, like Man and Wife,
 And both abhor the Engines of their Strife:

No more shall they endure a Hackney Pen,
And thou, cashier'd, shalt to the Stage again,
Please none but silly Women, or worse Men;
David shall find Duty an empty Word,
(For diff'rent Faiths can never have one Sword;
The Knot of Friendship is but loosely ty'd,
'Twixt those that Heavenly Concerns divide.)
He then shall with his Parliament agree,
And Lives and Fortunes shall their Language be.
Monmouth be blest'd for all that he has done,
While thy vile Heroes to their Pardons run.





T H E
INCHANTMENT.

By Mr. O T W A Y.

I.

I Did but look and love a-while,
'Twas but for one half Hour;
Then to resist I had no Will,
And now I have no Power.

II.

To sigh, and wish, is all my Ease;
Sighs, which do Heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest Ice,
Yet cannot warm your Heart.

III.

Oh! would your Pity give my Heart
One Corner of your Breast;
'Twould learn of yours the winning Art,
And quickly steal the rest.

T H E



T H E
E N J O Y M E N T.

By the Same.

I.

Clasp'd in the Arms of her I love,
In vain, alas! for Life I strove:
My flutt'ring Spirits, wrap'd in Fire
By Love's mysterious Art,
Born on the Wings of fierce Desire,
Flew from my flaming Heart.

II.

Thus lying in a Trance for dead,
Her swelling Breasts bore up my Head;
When waking from a pleasing Dream,
I saw her killing Eyes,
Which did in fiery Glances seem
To say, Now Celia dies.

Fainting,

III.

Fainting, she press'd me in her Arms,
And trembling lay, dissolv'd in Charms ;
When, with a shiv'ring Voice, she cry'd,
Must I alone, then, Die ?
No, no, I languishing reply'd,
I'll bear thee Company.

IV.

Melting our Souls thus into one,
Swift Joys our Wishes did out-run :
Then launch'd in rolling Seas of Bliss,
We bid the World *adieu* ;
Swearing by ev'ry charming Kiss,
To be for ever true.



THE



THE
Miller's TALE,
FROM
CHAUCER.

Inscrib'd to
N. ROWE, *Esq;*

By Mr. COBB.

The ARGUMENT.

NICHOLAS, a Scholar of Oxford, practiseth with ALISON, the Carpenter's Wife of Osney, to deceive her Husband; but in the End is rewarded accordingly.

Whilom in Oxford an old Chuff did dwell,
A Carpenter by Trade, as Stories tell;
Who by his Craft had heap'd up many a Hoard,
And furnish'd Strangers both with Bed and Board.

With

With him a Scholar lodg'd, of slender Means,
But notable for Sciences and Sense,
Yet, tho' he took Degrees in Arts, his Mind
Was mostly to *Astrology* inclin'd.
A Lad in *Divination* skill'd and shrewd,
Who by Interrogations could conclude,
If Men should ask him, at what certain Hours
The drouhty Earth would gape for cooling Show'rs,
When it should rain, or snow, what should befall
Of fifty Things; I cannot reckon all.

This learned *Clerk* had got a mighty Fame
For Modesty, and *NICHOLAS*, his Name.
Subtile he was, well taught in *Cupid's* Trade,
But seem'd as meek and bashful as a Maid.
A Chamber in this Hostelry he kept,
Alone he study'd, and alone he slept.
With sweet and fragrant Herbs the Room was drest,
But he was ten Times sweeter than the best.
His Books of various Size, or great or small,
His *Augrim* Stones to cast Accompts withal;
His *Astrolabe* and *Almagist* * apart,
With twenty more hard Names of cunning Art,
On several Shelves were couched nigh his Bed,
And the Press cover'd with a folding Red.
Above, an Instrument of Musick lay,
On which sweet Melody he us'd to play,

So

* The Name of a Book of Astronomy, written by Ptolomy.

So wond'rous sweet, that all the Chamber rung,
 And *Angelus ad Virginem* * he sung ;
 Then would he chaunt in good King *David's* Note,
 Full often blessed was his merry Throat.
 And thus the *Clerk* in Books and Musick spent
 His Time, and Exhibitions yearly Rent.

This *Carpenter* had a new married Wife,
 Lov'd as his Eyes, and dearer than his Life.
 The buxom Lass had twice nine Summers seen,
 And her brisk Blood ran high in ev'ry Vein.
 The Dotard, jealous of so ripe an Age,
 Watch'd her, and lock'd her, like a Bird in Cage :
 For she was wild, and in her lovely Prime ;
 But he, poor Man ! walk'd down the *Hill of Time*.
 He knew the Temper of a youthful Spouse,
 And oft was seen to rub his aking Brows.
 He knew his own weak Side, and dreamt in Bed,
 She had, or would be planting on his Head.
 He knew not *Cato*, for his Wit was rude,
 That Men should wed with their Similitude.
 Like should with Like, in Love and Years, engage,
 For *Youth* can never be a Rhyme to *Age*.
 Hence Jealousies create a nuptial War,
 And the warm Seasons with the frigid jar :
 But when the Trap's once down, he must endure
 His Fate, and *Patience is the only Cure*.

Perhaps

* *The Angel's Salutation to the Virgin Mary.*

Perhaps his Father, and a hundred more
 Of honest Christians, were thus serv'd before.
 Fair was his charming Confort, and withal
 Slender her Waste, and like a *Weasel's* small.
 She had a Girdle barred all with Silk,
 And a clean Apron, white as Morrow Milk.
 White was her Smock, embroider'd all before,
 Which on her Loins in many Plaits she wore.
 Broad was her silken Fillet, set full high,
 And oft she twinkled with a liquorish Eye.
 Her Brows were arched like a bended Bow,
 Like *Marble* smooth, and blacker than a *Sloe*,
 She softer far than *Wool*, or fleecy *Snow*.
 Were you to search the Universe around,
 So gay a Wench was never to be found.
 With greater Brightness did her Colour shine,
 Than a new *Noble* of the freshest Coin.
 Shrill was her Song, and loud her piercing Note,
 No *Swallow* on a Barn had such a Throat.
 To this she skipp'd and caper'd, like a *Lamb*,
 Or *Kid*, or *Calf*, when they pursue their Dam.
 Sweet as *Metheglin* was her *Honey* Lip,
 Or Hoard of *Apples* which in *Hay* are kept.
 Wincing she was, as is a jolly *Colt*,
 Long as a Mast, and upright as a Bolt.
 Above her Ankles laced was her Shoe;
 She was a *Primrose*, and a *Pigsnye* too;
 And fit to lig by any Christian's Side,
 Or a Lord's Mistress, or a Yeoman's Bride.

Now

Now, Sir, what think you, how the Case befell?
 This *Nicholas*, (for I the Truth will tell)
 Was a meer Wag, and on a certain Day,
 When the good Man, the Husband, was away,
 Began to sport and wanton with his Dame,
 (For *Clerks* are fly, and very full of Game)
 And privily he caught her by *That same*.
 My * Lemman Dear (quoth he) I'm all on Fire,
 And perish, if you grant not my Desire.
 He clasp'd her round, and held her fast, and cry'd,
 O let me, let me — never be deny'd.
 At this she wreath'd her Head, and sprung aloof,
 Like a young frisking Colt, whose tender Hoof
 Ne'er felt the Farrier's Hand, and never knew
 The Virgin Burden of an Iron Shoe.
 Fie *Nicholas*, away your Hands, quoth she,
 Is this your Breeding and Civility?
 Foh! Idle Sot! What means th' unmanner'd Clown,
 To tease me thus, and toss me up and down?
 I vow I'll tell, and bawl it o'er the Town.
 You're rude, and will you not be answer'd, No?
 I will not kiss you — prithee, let me go.

Here *Nicholas*, a young, designing Knave,
 Began to weep, and cant, and Pardon crave.

So

* *Mistress*.

So fair he spoke, and importun'd so fast,
 This seeming modest Spouse consents at last ;
 By good St. *Thomas* † swore, her usual Oath,
 That she would meet his Love, tho' mighty loath.
 ' If you, said she, convenient Leisure wait,
 ' (You know my Husband has a jealous Pate)
 ' I will requite you ; for if once the Beast
 ' Should chance to find us out, and smell the Jest,
 ' I must be a dead Woman at the least.

Let that, quoth *Nicholas*, ne'er vex your Head ;
 He must be a meer learned Ass indeed,
 And very foolishly besets his Wife,
 Who cannot a dull Carpenter beguile.
 And thus they were accorded, thus they swore
 To wait the Time, as I have said before.
 And now, when *Nicholas* had wore away
 The pleasant Time in harmless am'rous Play,
 To his melodious Psaltery he flew,
 Play'd Tunes of Love, by which his Passion grew,
 Then printed on her Lips a dear *Adieu*.
 It happen'd thus, I cannot rightly tell,
 If it on *Easter* or on *Whitson* fell ;
 That on a Holiday, this modest Dame
 To Church with other honest Neighbours came,
 In a good Fit, to hear the Parson preach
 What the divine Apostles us'd to teach.

Bright

† St. Thomas à Becket.

Bright was her Forehead, and no Summer's Day
Shone half so clear, so tempting and so gay.

Now to this Parish did a Clerk belong,
Who many a Time had rais'd a holy Song.
His Name was *Absalon*, a silly Man,
Who curl'd his Hair, which strutted like a Fan,
And from his jolly, pert, and empty Head,
In Golden Ringlets on his Shoulders spread.
His Face was red, his Eyes as grey as Goose,
With St. *Paul's* Windows figur'd on his Shoes.
Full properly he walk'd, in Scarlet Hose;
But light and Silver-colour'd were his Cloaths,
And Surplice white as Blossoms on the Rose.
Thick Poynts and Tassels did the Coxcomb please,
And fetously they dangled on his Knees.
He could let Blood, and shave your Beard and Head,
But a meer Barber-Surgeon by his Trade.
Nay, he could write and read, and that is more
Than twenty Parish-Clerks could do before.
Nay, he could fill a Bond, and learnt from *France*,
In thirty Motions how to trip and dance;
Could frisk and tofs his twirling Legs in Air,
Nice were his Feet, and trod it to a Hair.
Songs would he play, and not to hide his Wit,
Would squeak a Treble to his squawling Kit.
His Drefs was finical, his Music queer,
And pleas'd a Tapster's Eyes, or Drawer's Ear,
No Tavern, Brew-house, Ale-house in the Town,
Was to the gentle *Absalon* unknown:

But

But he was very careful of his Wind,
And never let it fall out behind.
To give the Devil his Due, he had an Art,
By civil Speech, to win a Lady's Heart.

This *Absalon*, so jolly, spruce, and gay,
Went with the *Censor* on the Sabbath Day.
He swung the Incense Pot with comely Grace,
But chiefly would he fume a pretty Face.
His wanton Eye, which ev'ry where he cast,
Dwelt on the *Carpenter's* fine Dame at last.
So sweet and proper was his lovely Wife,
That he could freely gaze away his Life.
Were he a Cat, this pretty Mouse would feel
Too soon his Talons, a delicious Meal.

And now had *Cupid* shot a piercing Dart,
And wet the Feathers in his wounded Heart.
No Off'ring of the handsome Wives he took,
He wanted nothing but a smiling Look,
The Parish Fees refus'd, and said, the Light
Of the fair Moon shines brightest in the Night.
Soon as the Cock had bid the Morning rise,
The smitten Lover to his Fiddle flies;
A hideous Noise his squeaking Trilloes make,
And all the drowsy Neighbourhood awake.
At the lov'd House some am'rous Tunes he play'd,
And thus with gentle Voice he sung, or said,
Now, dear Lady, if thy Will be,
I pray you that you'll pity me.

And twenty such complaining Notes he sung,
Alike the Music of his Kit, and Tongue.
At this the staring Carpenter awoke,
And thus his Wife (fair *Alison*) bespoke :
Art thou asleep, or art thou deaf, my Dear ?
And cannot *Absalon* at Window hear ?
How with his Serenade he charms us all,
Chaunting melodiously beneath our Wall ?
Yes, yes, I hear him, *Alison* reply'd,
Too well, God wot ; and then she turn'd aside.
Thus went Affairs, 'till *Absalon*, alas !
Was a lost Creature, a meer whining Afs.
All Night he wakes, and sighs, and wears away
On his broad Locks and Dress the live-long Day.
To such a Height his doating Fondness grew,
To kiss the Ground, and wipe her very Shoe.
Where'er she went, he like a Slave persu'd,
With spiced Ale, and sweet Metheglin woo'd.
All Dainties he could rap and rend he got,
And sent her Tarts and Custards piping hot.
He spar'd no Cost for an expensive Treat,
Of Mead and Cyder, and all Sorts of Meat.
Throbbing he sings with his lamenting Throat,
And rivals *Philomela's* mournful Note.
With Rigour some, and some with gentle Arts,
Have found a Passage to young Ladies Hearts :
Some Wealth have won, and some have had the Lot
To fall enamour'd of a treating Sot.

Sometimes

Sometimes he Scaramouched it on high,
And Harlequin'd it with Activity ;
Betrays the Lightness of his empty Head,
And how he could cur Capers in a Bed.
But neither this nor that the Damsel move,
For *Nicholas* has swept the Stakes of Love.
The Parish-Clark has nothing met but Scorn,
And may go fiddle now, or blow his Horn.
Thus gentle *Absalon* is made her Ape,
And all his Passion turn'd into a Jape :
For *Nicholas* is always in her Eye ;
True, says the Proverb, that the *Nigh are fly*.
A distant Love may Disappointment find,
For out of Sight is ever out of Mind.
The Scholar was at Hand, as I have told,
And gave the Parish-Clark *the Dog to hold*.
Now, *Nicholas*, thy Craft and Cunning try,
That *Absalon* may *de profundis* cry.

Now when this Carpenter was call'd away,
To work at *Osney*, on a certain Day ;
The subtle Scholar, and the wanton Spouse,
Were decently contriving for his Brows :
Agreed, that *Nicholas* should shape a Wile,
Her addle-pated Husband to beguile.
And if so be the Game succeeded right,
She then would sleep within his Arms all Night :
For both were in this one Desire concern'd,
Alike they suffer'd, and alike they burn'd.

Strait a new Thought leap'd cross the Scholar's Head,
 Who at that Instant to his Chamber fled :
 But to relieve his Thirst and Hunger, bore
 Of Meat and Liquor a substantial Store,
 And victuall'd it for a long Day or more,
Alce, should your Husband ask for Us, quoth he,
 Reply, in Scorn, What's *Nicholas* to Me ?
 Am I his Keeper ? Help your silly Head !
 Perhaps the Man is mad, asleep, or dead.
 My Maid indeed has thump'd this Hour or more,
 And knock'd as if she'd thunder down the Door :
 But he, a moaping Drone, no Answer gave,
 Fast as a Church, and silent as the Grave.

Thus did one Saturday entire consume,
 Since *Nicholas* had lock'd him in his Room.
 Nor was he idle, for no *Lent* he kept,
 But eat like other Men, and drank, and slept ;
 Did what he list, 'till the next Sun was new,
 And went to Rest as common Mortals do.

This Carpenter was in a grievous Pain,
 Lest *Nicholas* should over-work his Brain ;
 By Study lose his Reason, or his Life.
 Well, by St. *Thomas*, I don't like it, Wife.
 The World we live in is a ticklish Place,
 And sudden Death has often stopp'd our Race.
 I saw a Coarse, as to the Church it past,
 And the poor Man at Work but Monday last.

Run,

Run, *Dick*, quoth he, run speedily up Stairs,
 Thump at the Door, and see how stand Affairs.
 Up strait he runs, like any Tempest flies,
 And knocks, and bawls, and like a Madman cries,
 Ho! Master *Nicholas*, what mean you thus
 To sleep all Night and Day, and frighten us?
 He might as well have whistled to the Wind,
 As from good *Nicholas* an Answer find.
 At last he spy'd a Hole full low and deep,
 Where usually the Cat was wont to creep;
 Here was discover'd to his wond'ring Sight
 The Scholar gazing with his Eyes upright,
 As if intent upon the Stars and Moon;
 And down runs he, to tell his Master soon,
 In what Array he saw this studious Man:
 The Carpenter to cross himself began;
 And cry'd, St. *Frideswid*, help us one and all!
 Little we know what Fate shall us befall.
 This Man with his Astronomy is got
 Into some Frenzy, and stark mad, God wot.
 This comes of poring on his cunning Books,
 Of his Moon-snuffing and Star-peeping Looks.
 Why should a silly Earth-born Mortal pry
 On Heav'n, and search the Secrets of the Sky?
 Well fare those Men, who no more Learning need,
 Than what's contain'd in the Lord's Pray'r and }
 Scholars sufficient, if they can but read! }
 (Creed,

Thus far'd a sage Philosopher * of old,
 Who walking out, as 'tis in Story told,
 Was so much with Astronomy bewitch'd,
 That his Star-gazing Clerkship was beditch'd.
 Ill Luck attends the Man who looks too high,
 And can a Star, but not a Marlpit spy.
 But, by St. *Thomas*, this shall never pass;
 Too well I love this gentle *Nicholas*.
 I'll ferret him, unless the Devil's in it,
 From his brown Fit of Study in a Minute.

Robin, let's try if that an Iron Pur
 And your strong Back can make this Scholar stir.
 Now *Robin* was a Lad of Brawn and Bones,
 And by the Hasp heav'd up the Door at once;
 Which in the Chamber fell with dreadful Sound,
 As would a Man like you or me astound.
 But *Nicholas* did nothing do but stare,
 And, like a Statue, gape into the Air.

✓ This Carpenter was in a piteous Fear,
 Because he did not, or he would not, hear;
 Thought some deep Melancholy had impair'd
 His Brain, and that of Mercy he despair'd;
 For which the Student in his Arms he took
 With Might and Main, and by the Shoulders shook;
 Cry'd, *Nicholas*, awake! What, not a Word?
 Look down, despair not — think upon the Lord!

Then

* *Thales*.

Then the Night-Spell he mumbled to himself :
 Bless thee from Fiends, and ev'ry wicked Elf!
 He crost the Threshold, where the Dev'l might creep,
 And each small Hole, through which an Imp might ^{(peep.}
 With solemn *Pater-nosters* blest the Door,
 And *Ave-Mari's* after and before.
 At this the Clerk sent forth a heavy Sigh,
 With Tears, and woful Tone began to cry —
And shall this World be lost so soon? Ah, why?
 What do I hear? the Carpenter reply'd,
 What say'st thou, *Nich'las*? Sure thou art beside
 Thy self: Serve God, as we poor Lab'ers do,
 And then no Harm, no Danger will ensue.
 Ah! Friend, quoth *Nicholas*, you little think
 What I can tell; but first let's have some Drink.
 Then, my dear Host, thou shalt in private learn
 Some certain Things, which thee and me concern.
 It shall no Mortal but your self avail;
 Then fetch a *Winchester* of mighty Ale.
 And now when both had drank an equal Share,
 Cries *Nicholas*, sit down, and draw your Chair.
 But first, sweet Landlord, you must take an Oath,
 To no Man living to betray the Troth:
 For, trust me, what I'm going to relate
 Is Revelation, and as sure as Fate:
 And if you tell, this Vengeance will ensue,
 No Hare in *March* will be so mad as you.

Nay, quoth mine Host, I am no Blab, not I,
 And hang me, if you catch me in a Lie.
 I would not tell, tho' 'twere to save my Life,
 To Chick, or Child, to Man, or Maid, or Wife.

Now, *John*, quoth *Nicholas*, I will not hide
 What by my Art I have of late descry'd ;
 How, as I por'd upon fair *Cynthia's* Light,
 Should fall on Monday next, at Quarter-Night,
 A Rain so sudden, and so long to boot,
 That *Noah's* Flood was but a Spoonful to't.
 This World, within the Compass of an Hour
 Shall all be drown'd ; so hideous is the Show'r,
 As will the Cattle and Mankind devour.
 Cries then this silly Man, Alas, my Wife!
 My Bosom-Comfort, and my better Life !
 And must she drown and perish with the rest ?
 My *Alison*, the Darling of my Breast ?

(Grief,
 At this well nigh he swoon'd, o'erwhelm'd with
 Fetch'd a deep Sigh, And is there no Relief,
 No Remedy, he cry'd, no Succour left ?
 Are we, alafs ! of ev'ry Hope bereft ?
 No, by no Means, quoth this designing Clerk,
 Be of good Heart, and by Instruction work :
 For if by *Nicholas* you will be led,
 And build no Castles in your own wild Head,
 None so secure ; for *Solomon* says true,
 Work all by Counsel, and you cannot rue.

If you'll be govern'd, and be rul'd by me,
I'll undertake to save thy Wife and Thee ;
By my own Art against the Flood prevail,
And make no Use of either Mast or Sail.

(naught,
Have you not heard how, when the World was
Noah by heav'nly Inspiration taught,
Ay, ay, quoth *John*, I've in my Bible found,
That once upon a Time the World was drown'd.
Hast thou not heard how *Noah* was concern'd
For his dear Wife, and how his Bowels yearn'd,
'Till he had built and furnish'd out a Bark,
And lodg'd her with her Children in the Ark ?
Now, Expedition is the Soul of Life
Of Business ; if you love your Self, or Wife,
Run, fly — for in this Case it is a Crime
To loiter, or to lose an Inch of Time.
For *Alison*, your self, and me, provide
Three Kneading-Troughs, to sail upon the Tide :
But take most special Care that they be large,
In which a Man may swim as in a Barge.
Let them be victuall'd well, and see you lay
Sufficient Stores against a rainy Day ;
Enough to serve you twenty Hours, and more,
For then the Flood will 'swage, and not before.
But one Thing let me whisper in your Ear,
Let not thy sturdy Servant *Robin* hear,
Nor bonny *Gillian* know what I relate ;
I must not utter the Decrees of Fate.

Ask me not Reasons why I cannot save
Your trusty serving Maid, and honest Knave :
Suffice it thee, unless thy Wits be mad,
To have as great a Grace as *Noah* had.
Do you make Haste, and mind the grand Affair ;
To save your Wife shall be my proper Care.
But when these Kneading-Tubs are ready made,
Which may secure us when the Floods invade ;
See that you hang them in the Roof full high,
That none our providential Plot descry ;
And when thou hast convey'd sufficient Store
Of Meats and Drink, as I have said before,
And put a sharpen'd Ax in ev'ry Boat,
To cut the Cord, and set us all afloat :
Then thro' the Gable of the House, which lies
Above the Stable, and the Garden spies,
Break out a Hole, so very large and wide,
Thro' which our Tubs may sail upon the Tide.

Then wilt thou so much Mirth and Pleasure take
In swimming, as the white Duck and the Drake.
Then will I cry, Ho ! *Alison*, and *John*,
Be merry, for the Flood will pass anon.
Then wilt thou answer, Master *Nicholay*,
Good-morrow, for I see it is broad Day.
Then shall we reign as Emperors for Life,
O'er all the World, like *Noah* and his Wife.
But one Thing I almost forgot to tell,
Which now comes in my Head, (and mark me well)

That

That on that very Night we go Abroad,
All must be hush'd, and whisper not a Word;
But all the Time employ our holy Mind
In earnest Pray'rs, for thus has Heav'n enjoyn'd.

You and your Wife must take a sep'rate Place,
Nor is there any Sin in such a Case.
To-morrow Night, when Men are fast asleep,
We to our Kneading-Tubs will flyly creep;
There will we sit, each in his Ship apart,
And wait the Deluge with a patient Heart.
Go now; I have no longer Time to spare
In Sermoning, use expeditious Care:
Your Apprehension needs no more Advice;
One single Word's sufficient for the Wise:
And none, dear Landlord, can your Wit inform;
Go, save our Lives from this impending Storm.
Away hies *John*, with melancholy Look,
And sigh'd and groan'd at ev'ry Step he took:
To *Alison* he does his Fate deplore,
And tells a Secret which she knew before:
But yet she trembled, like an *Aspen* Leaf,
And seem'd to perish with dissembled Grief;
Crying, Alas! what shall I do? — Be gone —
Help us t' escape, or we are all undone.
I am thy true and very wedded Wife,
Go, dear, dear Spouse, and help to save my Life.

*What strong Impressions does Affection give!
By Fancy Men have often ceas'd to live.*

*Howe'er absurd Things in themselves appear,
Weak Minds are apt to credit what they fear.*

This filly Carpenter is almost *Wood*,
And thinks of nothing else but *Noah's Flood*;
Believes he fees it, and begins to quake,
And all for *Alison* his Honey's Sake.
He's over-run with Sorrows and with Fear,
And sends forth many a Groan, and many a Tear.
A Kneading-Trough, a Tub, and * *Kemeling*,
He gets by Stealth, and sends 'em to his Inn.
He makes three Ladders, whence he climbs aloof,
And privately he hangs them in the Roof.
But first he victuall'd them, both Trough and Tub,
With Bread and Cheese, and Bottles full of mighty
Enough o'Conscience to relieve their Fast,
And be sufficient for a Day's Repast.

But e'er this Preparation had been made,
He sent to *London* both his Man and Maid,
On certain Matters which concern'd his Trade.

And now came on the fatal *Monday Night*,
Barr'd are the Doors, out goes the Candle-light;
And when all Things in Readiness were set,
These Three their Ladders take, and up they get.
Now *Pater noster*, † *clum*, said *Alison*,
And *clum*, quoth *Nicholas*, and *clum*, quoth *John*.

This

* *A Brewer's Vessel.*

† *A Note of Silence.*

This Carpenter his *Orisons* did say,
 For Men in Fear are very apt to pray.
 Silent he waited, when the Skies would pour
 This unaccountable and dismal Show'r.

And now at † *Curfew* Time, dead Sleep began
 To fall upon this easy simple Man ;
 Who, after so much Care and Business past,
 And spent with sad Concern, was quickly fast.
 Soft down the Ladder stole this loving Pair,
 Good *Nicholas*, and *Alison* the Fair :
 Then, without speaking, to the Bed they creep
 Of *John*, poor Cuckold ! who was fast asleep.
 There all the Night they revel, sport, and toy,
 And act the merry Scene of am'rous Joy ;
 'Till that the Bell of *Lauds* began to ring,
 And the fat Fryars in the Chancel sing.

The Parish-Clark, this am'rous *Absalon*,
 Who over Head and Ears in Love is gone,
 At *Osney* happen'd, with a jovial Crew,
 To spend the Monday as they us'd to do ;
 There pulls a certain Fryar by the Sleeve,
 With Pardon begg'd, and, Father, by your Leave,
 When

† *Curfew*, WILLIAM the Conqueror, in the first
 Year of his Reign, commanded, that in every Town and
 Village a Bell should be rung every Night at eight of the
 Clock ; and that all People should then put out their Fire
 and Candle, and go to Bed. The Ringing of this Bell was
 call'd *Curfew*, that is, Cover Fire.

When saw you *John* the Carpenter, he cries ;
 Last Saturday, the Cloisterer replies,
 Since when I have not seen him with these Eyes:
 Perhaps abroad he's playing fast and loose,
 Or fetching Timber for the Abbot's Use,
 And lodges at the *Graunge* a Day or two ;
 Or else at Home — I know no more than you.

This made *Nab's* boiling Blood with Pleasure start,
 The News rejoic'd the Cockles of his Heart.
 Now is my Time, thinks he, the Moon is bright,
 Nor care I, if I travel all the Night ;
 For at his Door, since Day began to spring,
 I've seen, like him, no Kind of Man or Thing.

It is resolv'd, to *Aïson* I'll go,
 When the first Morning Cock begins to crow ;
 And to her Window privately repair ;
 Then knock, and tell her my tormenting Care :
 I'll open all my Breast, and ease my Heart,
 For 'tis too much to bear Love's stinging Smart.
 Some little Comfort sure I shall not miss,
 At least she'll grant the Favour of a Kiss.
 My Mouth has itch'd all Day, from whence it seems
 That I shall kiss ; besides my pleasant Dreams
 Of Feasts and Banquets, whence a Man may guess
 That I may haply meet with some Success :
 But for an Hour or two before I go,
 I'll first refresh me with a Nap or so.

Now

Now the first Cock had wak'd from his Repose
The jolly *Abjalon*, and up he rose.
But first he dresses finical and gay,
And looks like any Beau at Church or Play,
And brisk as Bridegroom on a Wedding Day.
Nicely he combs the Ringlets of his Hair,
And, wash'd with Rose-water, looks fresh and fair :
Then with his Finger he her Window twang'd,
Whisper'd a gentle Tone, and thus harangu'd.

}

Sweet *Alifon*, my *Honey-comb*, my *Dear*,
My *Bird*, my *Cinamon*, your *Lover* hear.
Awake, and speak one Word before I part ;
But one kind Word, the *Balsom* to my *Heart*.
Little you think, alas ! the mighty *Woe*,
Which for the Love of thee I undergo.
For thee I swelter, and for thee I sweat,
And mourn as *Lambkins* for the *Mother's Teat*.
Nor false my *Grief*, nor does the *Turtle Dove*
Lament more truly, or more truly love.
I cannot eat nor drink, and all for thee —
Get from my Window, you *Jack Fool*, said she ;
I love another, of a diff'rent Hue
From such a silly *Dunder-head* as you.
If you stand talking at that foolish Rate,
My *Chamber-pot* shall be about your *Pate*.
Be gone, you empty *Sot*, and let me sleep ;
At this poor *Abjalon* began to weep,
And his hard Fate with Sighs and Groans deplore,
Was ever faithful Love thus serv'd before ?

Since

Since then, my Sweet, what I desire's in vain,
 Let me but one small Boon, a Kiss obtain.
 And will you then be gone, nor loiter here,
 Quoth *Alison*? Ay certainly, my Dear!
 Make ready then — Now, *Nicholas*, lie still;
 'Tis such a Jest that you shall laugh your fill.

Ravish'd with Joy, *Nab* fell upon his Knees,
 The happiest Man alive in all Degrees;
 In silent Raptures he began to cry,
 No Lord in Europe is so blest as I.
 I may expect more Favours; for a Kiss
 Is an Assurance of a farther Bliss.
 The Window now unclasp'd, with slender Voice,
 Cries *Alison*, be quick, and make no Noise;
 I would not for the World our Neighbours hear,
 For they're made up of Jealousy and Fear.

Then filken Handkerchief from Pocket came,
 To wipe his Mouth full clean to kiss the Dame.
 Dark was the Night as any Coal or Pitch,
 When at the Window she clap'd out her Breech.
 The Parish-Clark ne'er doubted what to do,
 But ask'd no Questions, and in haste fell to.
 On her blind Side full favourly he prest
 A loving Kiss, e'er he smelt out the Jest.
 Aback he starts, for he knew well enough,
 (rough.
 That Women's Lips are smooth, but these were

What

*What have I done, quoth he? and rav'd and star'd,
Ah me! I've kiss'd a Woman with a Beard.*

He curs'd the Hour, and rail'd against the Stars,
That he was born to kiss my Lady's Arse.

* *Tehea* she cry'd, and clap'd the Window close,
While *Absalon* with Grief and Anger goes
To meditate Revenge; and to requite
The foul Affront, he would not sleep that Night.

And now with Dust, with Sand, with Straw, with ^{(Chips,}
He scrubs and rubs the Kisses from his Lips.

Oft would he say, *Alas! O basest Evil!*

Than meet with this Disgrace so damn'd uncivil,
I rather had went headlong to the Devil.

To kiss a Woman's Breech! Oh, it can't be born!

But by my Soul I'll be aveng'd by Morn.

Hot Love, the Proverb says, grows quickly cool,

And *Absalon's* no more an am'rous Fool:

For since his Purpose was so foully crost,

He gains his Quiet, tho' his Love is lost:

And, cur'd of his Distemper, can defy

All whining Coxcombs with a scornful Eye:

But for meer Anger, as he pass'd the Street,

He wept, as does a School-boy, when he's beat.

In a soft doleful Pace at last he came

To an old *Vulcan*, *Jarvis* was his Name;

Who

* *A Note of Laughter.*

Who late and early at the Forge turmoil'd,
 In hammering Iron Bars and Plough-shares toil'd,
 Hither repair'd, by one or two a-Clock,
 Poor *Absalon*, and gave an easy Knock.

Who's there, that knocks so late, Sir *Jarvis* cries?

'Tis I, the pensive *Absalon* replies,

Open the Door. *What,* *Absalon*, (quoth he)

The Parish-Clark! Ah Benedicite.

Where hast thou been? Some pretty Girl, I wot,

Has led you out so late upon the Trot.

Some merry Meeting on the Wenching Score;

You know my Meaning — but I'll say no more.

This *Absalon* another Distaff drew,

And had more Tow to spin than *Jarvis* knew:

He minded not a Bean of all he said,

For other Things employ'd his careful Head.

At last he Silence breaks, dear Friend, he cries,

Lend's that hot Pur, which in the Chimney lies:

I have Occasion for't, no Questions ask,

To bring it back again shall be my Task.

With all my Heart, quoth *Jarvis*, were it Gold,

Or splendid Nobles in a Purse untold;

With all my Heart, as I'm an honest Smith,

I'll lend it thee; but what wilt do therewith?

For that, quoth *Absalon*, nor care, nor sorrow,

I'll give a good Account of it To-morrow.

Then up the Culter in his Hand he caught,

Tripp'd out with silent Pace and wicked Thought.

Red-hot

Red-hot it was, as any burning Coal,
 With which to *John* the Carpenter's he stole.
 There first he cough'd, and, as his usual Wont,
 Up to the Window came, and tapp'd upon't.
 Who's there, quoth *Alison*? Some Midnight Rook,
 Some Thief, I warrant, with a hanging Look.
 Ah! God forbid, quoth this dissembling Elf,
 'Tis *Absalon*, my Life, my better Self!
 A rich Gold Ring I've to my Darling brought,
 By a known Graver exquisitely wrought:
 Beside a Posie most divinely writ
 By a fam'd Poet and notorious Wit.
 My Mother gave it me, ('tis wond'rous fine)
 She clapp'd it on my Finger, I on thine,
 If thou wilt deign the Favour of a Kiss —
 Now *Nicholas* by chance rose up to piss:
 Thinking to better and improve the Jest,
 He should salute his Breech before the rest.
 With eager Haste and secret Joy he went,
 And his Posteriors out at Window sent.
 Here *Absalon*, the Wag, with subtile Tone,
 Whispers, my Love! my Soul! my *Alison*!
 Speak, my sweet Bird, I know not where thou art —
 At this the Scholar let a rouzing Fart;
 So loud the Noise, as frightful was the Stroke
 As Thunder, when it splits the sturdy Oak.
 The Clark was ready, and with hearty Gust,
 The red-hot Iron in his Buttocks thrust.
 Strait off the Skin, like shrivel'd Parchment flew,
 His Breech as raw as Saint *Bartholomew*.

The

The Culter had so sing'd his Hinder-part,
He thought he should have dy'd for very Smart.
In a mad Fit about the Room he ran,
Help, Water, Water, for a dying Man.

The Carpenter, as one beside his Wits,
Starts at the dreadful Sound, and up he gets.
The Name of Water rouz'd him from his Sleep ;
He rubb'd his Eye-lids, and began to peep.
Alas! thought he, now comes the fatal Hour,
And from the Clouds does *Noah's* Deluge pour.
Up then he sits, and without more ado,
He takes his Ax, and smites the Cord in two.
Down goes the Bread, and Ale, and Cheefe, and all,
And *John* himself had a confounded Fall ;
Dropp'd from the Roof upon the Floor, astound
He lies as dead, and swims upon the Ground.

Then *Nicholas*, to play the Counterfeit,
With *Alison*, cries Murder in the Street.

In came the Neighbours pouring, like the Tide,
To know the Reason why was Murder cry'd.
There they beheld poor *John*, a gasping Man ;
Shut were his Eyes, his Face was pale and wan :
Batter'd his Sides, and broken was his Arm ;
But stand it out he must, to his own Harm.
For when he aim'd to speak in his Defence,
They bore him down, and baffled all his Sense.
They told the People that the Man was Wood,
And dream'd of nothing else but *Noah's* Flood.

His

His heated Fancy of this Deluge rung,
That to the Roof three Kneading-Troughs he hung,
With which in Danger he design'd to swim,
And we, forsooth, must carry on the Whim;
He begg'd and pray'd, and so we humour'd him.

At hearing this, the sneering Neighbours gave
An universal Shout and hideous Laugh.
Now on the Roof, and now on *John* they gape,
And all his Earnest turn into a Jape.
He swore against the Scholar and his Wife,
And never look'd so foolish in his Life.
Whate'er he speaks, the People never mind;
His Oaths are nothing, and his Words are Wind.
Thus all consent to scoff each serious Word,
And *John* remain'd a Cuckold on Record.

Thus Doors of Brass, and Bars of Steel are vain,
And watchful Jealousy, and carking Pain,
Is fruitless all, when a good-natur'd Spouse
Designs Preferment for her Husband's Brows.
Thus *Alison* her Cuckold does defy,
And *Absalon* has kiss'd her nether Eye;
While *Nicholas* is scalded in the Breech,
My Tale is done; God save us all, and each.





B A U C I S

A N D

P H I L E M O N.

Imitated from the 8th Book of Ovid.

By JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.

IN ancient Times, as Story tells,
The Saints would often leave their Cells,
And strole about, but hide their Quality,
To try good People's Hospitality.

It happen'd on a Winter Night,
As Authors of the Legend write ;

Two

Two Brother Hermits, Saints by Trade,
Taking their Tour in Masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd Habits went
To a small Village down in Kent ;
Where, in the Strollers canting Strain,
They begg'd from Door to Door in vain,
Try'd ev'ry Tone might Pity win,
But not a Soul would let 'em in.

Our wand'ring Saints in woful State,
Treated at this ungodly Rate,
Having through all the Village past,
To a small Cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest Yeoman,
Call'd in the Neighbourhood, *PHILEMON*.
Who kindly did the Saints invite
In his poor Hutt to pass the Night ;
And then the hospitable Sire
Bid Goody *Baucis* mend the Fire ;
While he from out the Chimney took
A Fitch of Bacon off the Hook,
And freely from the fattest Side
Cut out large Slices to be fry'd :
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em Drink,
Fill'd a large Jug up to the Brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the Top,
As if they ne'er had touch'd a Drop.

The

The good old Couple was amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd ;
For both were frighted to the Heart,
And just began to cry — What art !
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the Lights were burning blue.
The gentle Pilgrims soon aware on't,
Told 'em their Calling and their Errant :
Good Folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but Saints the Hermits said :
No Hurt shall come to You or Yours ;
But, for that Pack of churlish Boors,
Not fit to live on Christian Ground,
They and their Houses shall be drown'd ;
Whilst you shall see your Cottage rise,
And grow a Church before your Eyes.

They scarce had spoke ; when, fair and soft,
The Roof began to mount aloft ;
Aloft rose ev'ry Beam and Rafter,
The heavy Wall climb'd slowly after.

The Chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
Became a Steeple with a Spire.
The Kettle to the Top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a Joist ;
But with the Upside down, to show
Its Inclination for Below :

In vain ; for a superior Force,
Apply'd at Bottom, stops its Course,
Doom'd ever in Suspence to dwell ;
'Tis now no Kettle, but a Bell.
A wooden Jack, which had almost
Lost, by Difuse, the Art to roast,
A sudden Alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine Wheels ;
And, what exalts the Wonder more,
The Number made the Motion slow'r :
The Flyer, though't had leaden Feet,
Turn'd round so quick you scarce could see't ;
But slacken'd by some secret Pow'r,
Now hardly moves an Inch an Hour.
The Jack and Chimney near ally'd,
Had never left each other's Side ;
The Chimney to a Steeple grown,
The Jack would not be left alone ;
But up against the Steeple rear'd,
Became a Clock, and still adher'd :
And still its Love to Household Cares,
By a shrill Voice, at Noon declares,
Warning the Cook-Maid not to burn
That Roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning Chair began to crawl,
Like a huge Snail, along the Wall ;
There stuck aloft, in publick View,
And, with small Change, a Pulpit grew.

The Porringers, that in a Row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring Show,
To a less noble Substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern Buckets rang'd,

The Ballads pasted on the Wall,
Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fair Rosamond, and *Robin Hood*,
The little Children in the Wood ;
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in Picture, Size, and Letter ;
And, high in Order plac'd, describe
The Heraldry of ev'ry Tribe.

A Bedstead of the antique Mode,
Compact of Timber many a Load,
Such as our Ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into Pews ;
Which still their ancient Nature keep,
By lodging Folks dispos'd to sleep.

The Cottage, by such Feats as these,
Grown to a Church by just Degrees,
The Hermits then desir'd their Host,
To ask for what he fancy'd most.
PHILEMON, having paus'd a-while,
Return'd 'em Thanks in homely Stile :

Then

Then said ; my House is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine :
I'm old, and fain would live at Ease,
Make me the Parson, if you please.

He spoke, and presently he feels
His Grazier's Coat fall down his Heels ;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each Arm a Pudding Sleeve :
His Waistcoat to a Cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable Hue ;
But being old, continu'd just
As thread-bare, and as full of Dust.
His Talk was now of Tythes and Dues,
Could smoak his Pipe, and read the News ;
Knew how to preach old Sermons next,
Vampt in the Preface and the Text ;
At Christ'nings well could act his Part,
And had the Service all by Heart ;
Wish'd Women might have Children fast,
And thought whose Sow had farrow'd last ;
Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for *Right Divine* ;
Found his Head fill'd with many a System,
But Classic Authors — he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a Parson,
Dame *Baucis* next they play'd their Farce on :

Instead of Home-spun Coifs, were seen
 Good Pinner's edg'd with *Colberteen* ;
 Her Petticoat transform'd apace,
 Became black *Sattin*, flounc'd with *Lace*.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down,
 'Twas *Madam*, in her *Grogram Gown*.
PHILEMON was in great Surprise,
 And hardly could believe his Eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy, in their Change of Life,
 Were several Years this Man and Wife ;
 When on a Day, which prov'd their last,
 Discoursing on old Stories past,
 They went by chance, amidst their Talk,
 To the Church-Yard to take a Walk ;
 When *BAUCIS* hastily cry'd out,
 My Dear, I see your Forehead sprout.
 Sprout, quoth the Man, What's this you tell us ?
 I hope you don't believe me Jealous :
 But yet, methinks, I feel it true ;
 And truly, yours is budding too ———
 Nay, ——— now I cannot stir my Foot ;
 It feels as if 'twere taking Root ———

Description would but tire my Muse ;
 In short, they both were turn'd to *Eughs*.

Old Goodman Dobson of the Green,
Remembers he the Trees has seen :
He'll talk of them from Noon 'till Night,
And goes with Folks to shew the Sight.
On Sundays, after Ev'ning Pray'r,
He gathers all the Parish there ;
Points out the Place of either *Engb*,
Here *BAUCIS*, there *PHILEMON* grew :
'Till once a Parson of our Town,
To mend his Barn, cut *BAUCIS* down :
At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd,
How much the other Tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, dy'd a-Top, was stunted ;
So the next Parson stubb'd and burnt it.





Erle *Robert's* MICE.

A

T A L E.

In Imitation of *CHAUCER*.

By Mr. PRIOR.

TWAY Mice, full blythe and amicable,
 Batten beside Erle *Robert's* Table.
 Lies there ne Trap their Necks to catch,
 Ne old black Cat their Steps to watch;
 Their Fill they eat of Fowl and Fish;
 Feast lyche as Heart of Mōuse mought wish.

As Ghefts fat jovial at the Board,
 Forth leap'd our Mice : Eftsoons the Lord

Of *Boling*, whilome *John the Saint*,
 Who maketh oft *Propos* full queint,
 Laugh'd jocund, and aloud he cry'd
 To *Matthew* seated on t'oth' Side:
 To thee, lean Bard, it doth partayne
 To understand these Creatures twayne.
 Come frame us now some clean Device,
 Or pleasant Rhyme on yonder Mice.
 They seem, God shield me, *Matt.* and *Charles*,
 Bad as Sir *Topaz*, or 'Squire *Quarles*,
 (*Matthew* did for the nonce reply)
 At Emblem or Device am I.
 But could I chaunt or rhyme, pardie,
 Clear as *Dan. Chaucer*, or as *T. te*,
 Ne Verse from me, so God me strive,
 On Moufe, or other Beast alive.
 Certes, I have these many Days
 Sent myne Poetic Herd to graze.
 Ne armed Knight ydrad in War,
 With Lyon fierce will I compare.
 Ne Judge unjust, with furred Fox,
 Harming in secret Guise the Flocks.
 Ne Priest unworthy Godis Coat,
 To Swine ydrunk, or filthy Stoat.
 Elk Simile farewell for aye,
 From Elephant I trow to Flea.

Reply'd the friendlike Peer, I weene
Matthew is angred on the Spleen.

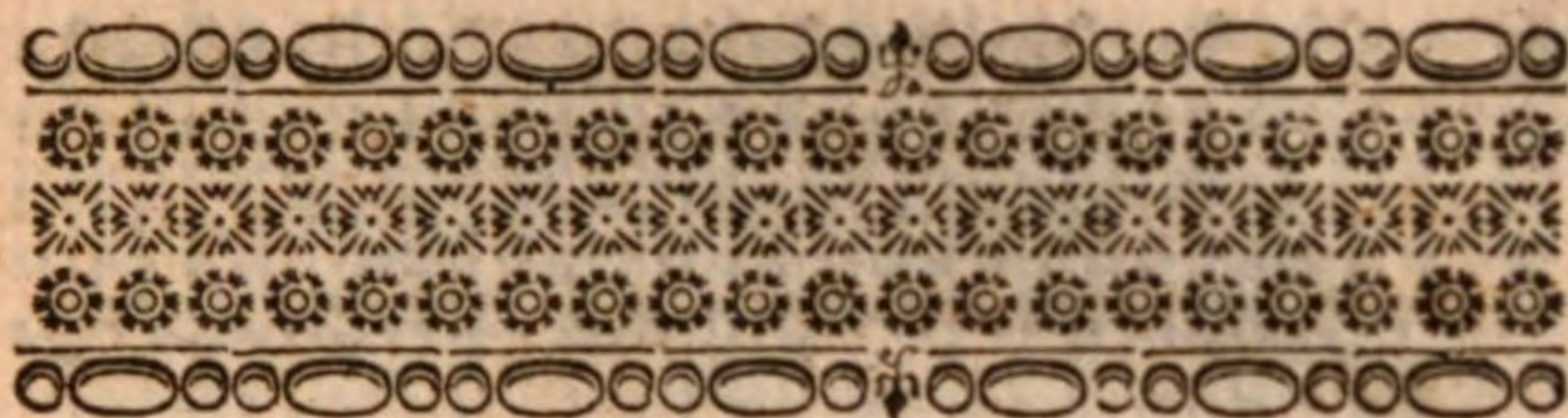
Ne so, quoth *Matt.* ne shall be e'er,
 With Wit that falleth all so fair.
 Eftsoons, well weet ye, myne Intent
 Boweth to your Commaundement.
 If by these Creatures ye have seen
 Portrayed *Charles* and *Matthew* been ;
 Behoveth neet to wreck my Brain,
 The rest in Order to explain.

That Cupboard, where the Mice disport,
 I liken to * St. STEPHEN's Court ;
 Therein is Space enough, I trow,
 For elk Comrade to come and go ;
 And therein eke may both be fed,
 With Shiver of the Wheaten Bread.
 And when as these myne Eyen survey,
 They cease to skip, and squeak, and play ;
 Return they may to diff'rent Cells,
Auditing one, whilst t'other *Tells*.

Dear *Robert*, quoth the Saint, whose Mind,
 In bounteous Deed no Mean can bind ;
 Now, as I hope to grow devout,
 I deem this Matter well made out.
 Laugh I, whilst thus I serious pray,
 Let that be wrought which *Matt.* doth say :
 Yea, quoth the Erle, but not to Day.

S U S A N-

* Exchequer.



SUSANNAH

AND

The two ELDERS.

By the SAME.

FAIR *Susan* did her *Wifehode* well maintayne,
 Algates assaulted sore by *Leachers* twayne.
 Now, an' I read aryghte that auncient Song,
 The *Paramours* were Old, the Dame was Yong.

Had thilke same Tale in other guise been told,
 Had they been Yong, (*pardie*) and she been Olde,
 Sweet *Jesu*! that had been much forer Tryale;
 Full marvailions, I wot, were such Denyale!



The S A M E.

Attempted in a Modern Stile.

By Mr. C O B B.

WHEN Fair SUSANNAH in a cool Retreat
Of shady Arbours shunn'd the sultry Heat,
Two wanton Lechers to her Garden came,
And, rushing furious, seiz'd the trembling Dame.
What Female Strength could do, her Arms perform,
And guarded well the Fort they strove to storm.
The Story's ancient, and (if rightly told)
Young was the Lady, but the Lovers Old.

Had the Reverse been true! had Authors sung,
How that the Dame was Old, the Lovers Young!
If she had then the blooming Pair deny'd,
With tempting Youth and Vigour on their Side,
Lord! how the Story would have shock'd my Creed!
For that had been a Miracle indeed.

T O



TO HIS
FRIENDS.

From the *Latin* of Dr. PITCAIRN.

By Mr. PRIOR.

STudious, the busie Moments to deceive.
That fleet between the Cradle and the Grave,
I credit what the *Gracian* Dictates say,
And *Samian* Sounds o'er *Scotia's* Hills convey,
When mortal Man resigns his transient Breath,
The Body only I give o'er to Death:
The Parts dissolv'd and broken Frame I mourn;
What came from Earth, I see to Earth return:
The Immaterial Part, th' *Æthereal* Soul,
Nor can Change vanquish, nor can Death controul:

Glad I release it from its Partner's Cares,
 And bid good Angels waft it to the Stars.
 Then in the flowing Bowl I drown those Sighs,
 Which, spite of Wisdom, from our Weakness rise ;
 The Draught to the Dead's Mem'ry I commend,
 And offer to the now immortal Friend.
 But if oppos'd to what my Thoughts approve,
 Nor *Pluto's* Rage there be, nor Pow'r of *Jove*,
 On its dark Side, if thou the Prospect take,
 Grant all forgot beyond black *Lethe's* Lake :
 In total Death suppose the Mortal lye,
 No new Hereafter, nor a Future Sky :
 Yet bear thy Lot content, yet cease to grieve ;
 Why, e'er Death comes, dost thou forbear to live ?
 The little Time thou hast 'twixt Instant now
 And Death's Approach, is all the Gods allow ;
 And of this little hast thou ought to spare
 To sad Reflection, and corroding Care ?
 The Moments past, if thou art wise, retrieve,
 With pleasant Mem'ry of the Bliss they gave.
 The present Hours in present Mirth employ,
 And bribe the Future with the Hopes of Joy.
 The Future (few or more, howe'er they be)
 Were destin'd e'rst, nor can by Fate's Decree
 Be now cut off betwixt the Grave and Thee.



HORACE



H O R A C E

LIB. I. EPIST. IX.

*Septimius, Claudii, nimirum, intelligit unus,
Quanti me facias, &c.*

To the Rt. Hon. ROBERT HARLEY, Esq;

By the S A M E.

DE A R *Dick*, howe'er it comes into his Head,
Believes as firmly as he does his Creed,
That You and I, Sir, are extreamly great;
Tho' I plain *Matt.* You *Minister of State*:
One Word from me, without all doubt, he says,
Wou'd fix his Fortune in some little Place:
Thus better than my self, it seems, he knows
How far my Int'rest with my Patron goes,

And

And answering all Objections I can make,
Still plunges deeper in his dear Mistake.

From this wild Fancy, Sir, there may proceed
One wilder yet, which I foresee and dread,
That I, in Fact, a real Int'rest have,
Which to my own Advantage I would save;
And with the usual Courtiers Trick intend
To serve my self, forgetful of my Friend.

To shun this Censure, I all Shame lay by,
And make my Reason with his Will comply;
Hoping for my Excuse 'twill be confest,
That of two Evils I have chose the Least.
So, Sir, with this Epistolary Scroll,
Receive the Partner of my inmost Soul,
Him you will find in Letters and in Laws
Not unexpert, firm to his Country's Cause;
Warm in the glorious Int'rest you persue;
And, in one Word, a good Man and a true.





SONG

To his MISTRESS.

By the S A M E.

I.

WHILST I am scorch'd with hot Desire,
 In vain cold Friendship you return;
 Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,
 Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

II.

Ah! would you have the Flame suppress'd,
 That kills the Heart it heals too fast;
 Take half my Passion to your Breast,
 The rest in Mine shall ever last.

A N



A N

E P I S T L E

T O

Sir *Fleetwood Sheppard.*

By the S A M E.

WHEN crowding Folks, with strange ill Faces,
Were making Legs, and begging Places;
And some with Patents, some with Merit,
Tir'd out my good Lord DORSET's Spirit;
Sneaking I stood among the Crew,
Desiring much to speak with you.

I waited

I waited while the Clock struck thrice,
 And Footman brought out fifty Lies;
 'Till Patience vexed, and Legs grown weary,
 I thought it was in vain to tarry;
 But did opine it might be better,
 By Penny-Post to send a Letter.
 Now, if you miss of this Epistle,
 I'm baulk'd again, and may go whistle.
 My Business, Sir, you'll quickly guess,
 Is to desire some little Place;
 And fair Pretensions I have for't,
 Much Need, and very small Desert.
 When e'er I writ to you, I wanted;
 I always begg'd, you always granted.
 Now, as you took me up when little,
 Gave me my Learning, and my Vittle;
 Ask'd for me, from my Lord, Things fitting,
 Kind as I'd been your own begetting;
 Confirm what formerly you've given,
 Nor leave me now at Six and Sevens,
 As SUNDERLAND has left *Mun.* STEPHENS.
 No Family that takes a Whelp,
 When first he laps, and scarce can yelp,
 Neglects or turns him out of Gate,
 When he's grown up to Dog's Estate:
 Nor Parish if they once adopt
 The spurious Brats that Strollers dropt,
 Leave 'em when grown up lusty Fellows,
 To the wide World, that is, the Gallows:

No,

No, thank 'em for their Love, that's worse,
Than if they throttled 'em at Nurse,

My Uncle, rest his Soul, when living,
Might have contriv'd me Ways of Thriving;
Taught me with Cyder to replenish
My Vats or ebbing Tide of Rhenish.
So when for Hock I drew prick'd White-Wine,
Swear't had the Flavour, and was right Wine:
Or sent me with ten Pounds to *Furni-*
Vall's Inn, to some good Rogue-Attorney;
Where now, by forging Deeds and Cheating,
I'd found some handsome Ways of Getting.
All this you made me quit to follow
That sneaking Whey-fac'd God *Apollo*.
Sent me among a fiddling Crew
Of Folks I'd never seen nor knew,
Calliope, and God knows who.
To add no more Invectives to it,
You spoil'd the Youth to make a Poet.
In common Justice, Sir, there's no Man
That makes the Whore, but keeps the Woman.
Among all honest Christian People
Whoe'er breaks Limbs, maintains the Cripple.

The Sum of all I have to say,
Is, that you'd put me in some Way,
And your Petitioner shall pray —

There's

There's one Thing more I had almost flipt,
But that may do as well in Post-script;
My Friend CHARLES MONTAGUE's ‡ preferr'd,
Nor would I have it long observ'd,
That one *Mouſe* eats while t'other's starv'd.

‡ The late Earl of Halifax, who was concern'd with
Mr. Prior, in writing *The Hind and Panther* transvers'd
to the Story of the City-Mouse and Country-Mouse.





ON THE
DEATH
OF
Queen MARY.

By the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.

Poema est Pictura loquens.

I.

LONG our divided State
Hung in the Balance of a doubtful Fate,
When one bright Nymph the gath'ring Clouds dis-^{pell'd,}
And all the Griefs of Albion heal'd:

Her

Her the united Land obey'd,
 No more to Jealousy inclin'd,
 Nor fearing Pow'r with so much Vertue join'd.
 She knew her Task, and nicely understood
 To what Intention Kings are made ;
 Not for their own, but for their People's Good.
 'Twas that prevailing Argument alone
 Determin'd her to fill the vacant Throne :
 And yet with Sadness she beheld
 A Crown devolving on her Head,
 By the Excesses of a Prince misled,
 When by her Royal Birth compell'd,
 To what her God, and what her Country claim'd,
 Tho' by a fervile Faction blam'd,
 How graceful were the Tears she shed !

II.

When waiting only for a Wind,
 Against our Isle the Pow'r of *France* was arm'd ;
 Her ruling Arts in their true Lustre shin'd,
 The Winds themselves were by her Influence charm'd ;
 'Twas her Authority and Care supply'd
 The Safety, which our Want of Troops deny'd.
 Secure and undisturb'd the Scene
 Of *Albion* seem'd, and, like her Eyes, serene.
 Vain was th'Invader's Force, Revenge and Pride,
Maria reign'd, and Heav'n was on our Side.

The

The Scepter by her self unsought,
 Gave double Proofs of her Heroic Mind;
 With Skill she sway'd it, and with Ease resign'd.
 So the *Dictator*, from Retirement brought,
 Repell'd the Danger that did *Rome* alarm,
 And then return'd contented to his Farm.

III.

Fatal to the Fair and Young,
 Accurs'd Disease! how long
 Have wretched Mothers mourn'd thy Rage,
 Robb'd of the Hope and Comfort of her Age!
 From the unhappy Lover's Side,
 How often hast thou torn the blooming Bride!
 Now, like a Tyrant, rising by Degrees
 To worse Extreams, and blacker Villainies,
 Practis'd in Ruin for some Ages past,
 Thou hast brought forth a general one at last.
 Common Disasters Sorrow raise;
 But Heav'n's severer Frowns amaze
 The *Queen*! a Word, a Sound,
 Of Nations once the Hope and firm Support,
 Wealth of the Needy, Guard of the Opprest,
 The Joy of all, the Wifest and the Best:
 A Name which Eccho did rebound
 With loud Applause from neighb'ring Shores,
 Their Admiration, the Delight of ours,
 Becomes unutterable now.

The Crowds in that dejected Court,
Where languishing *Maria* lay,
Want Pow'r to ask the News they come to know :

Silent their drooping Heads they bow,
Silence itself proclaims th' approaching Woe:

Even *Maria's* latest Care,
Whom Winter's Seasons, nor contending *Jove*,

Nor watchful Fleets could from his glorious Purpose (move,

Intrepid in the Storms of War, and in the Midst of (flying Deaths sedate,

Now trembles, now he sinks beneath the mighty (Weight.

The Hero to the Man gives Way,
Unhappy Isle, for half an Age a Prey
To fierce Dissention, or despotick Sway ;
Redeem'd from Anarchy to be undone
By the mistaken Measures of the Throne.

Thy Monarch's meditating dark Designs,
Or boldly throwing off the Mask,
Fond of the Power, unequal to the Task ;
Thy self without remaining Signs,
Of ancient Virtue so deprav'd,
As ev'n to wish to be enslav'd ;

(State so low,
What more than humane Aid could raise Thee from a
Protect Thee from thy self, thy greatest Foe ?

Something Celestial sure, a Heroine
Of matchless Form, and a Majestic Mien ;
Awful, respected, fear'd, but more belov'd ;
More than her Laws her great Example mov'd.

The

The Bounds that in her Godlike Mind
Were to her Passions set, severely shin'd,
But that of doing Good was unconfin'd:

So just, that absolute Command,
Destructive in another Hand,

In hers had chang'd its Nature, had been useful ^{(made ;}

Oh had she longer staid,

Less swiftly to her Native Heav'n retir'd !

For her the Harps of *Albion* had been strung,

The tuneful Nine could never have aspir'd

To a more lofty and immortal Song.





A N

ALLUSION

To the BISHOP of

CAMBRAT's

Supplement of *Homer*.

Written in the Year 1707.

By the S A M E.

(write,
CAMBRAT, you set, when heav'nly Love you
 The noblest Image in the clearest Light!
 A Love, by no Self-Interest debas'd,
 But on th' Almighty's high Perfection plac'd!
 A Love, in which true Piety consists,
 That soars to Heav'n without the Help of Priests!

Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppose,
Support the Cheat from whence her Income flows.
Her censures may condemn, but not confute,
If best your elevated Notions suit
With what to Reason seems th' Almighty's Due:
They have, at least, an Air of being true.
And what can animated Clay produce,
Beyond a Guess, in Matters so abstruse?
But when, descending from th' Imperial Height,
You stoop of Sublunary Things to treat,
MINERVA seems the Moral to dispense:
How great the Subject, how sublime the Sense!
Not the *Aonian* Bard with such a Flame
E'er sung of ruling Arts; your lofty Theme
In your *TELEMACHUS*, his Hero's Son,
We see the great Original outdone.
There is in Virtue sure a hidden Charm,
To force Esteem, and Envy to disarm:
Else in a flatt'ring Court you ne'er had been design'd
T' instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.
Happy your native Soil, at least by Nature so;
In none her Treasures more profusely flow:
The Hills adorn'd with Vines, with Flow'rs the Plain,
Without the Sun's too near Approach serene:
But Heav'n in vain does on the Vineyards smile,
The Monarch's Glory mocks the Lab'rer's Toil.
What tho' elab'rate Brafs with Nature strive,
And proud *Equestrian* Figures seem alive;
With various Terrors on their Basis wrought,
With yielding Citadels, surpriz'd or bought?

And

And here the Ruins of a taken Town,
 There a bombarded Steeple tumbling down :
 Such Prodigies of Art, or costly Pains,
 Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabble's Chains.
 O despicable State of all that groan
 Under a blind Dependency on One !
 How far inferior to the Herds that range,
 With native Freedom, o'er the Woods and Plains !
 With them no Fallacies of Schools prevail,
 Nor of a Right Divine the nauseous Tale ;
 Can give to one among themselves the Pow'r,
 Without Controul, his Fellows to devour.
 To Reasoning human Kind alone belong
 The Arts to hurt themselves by reas'ning wrong.
 Howe'er the foolish Notion first began,
 Of trusting *Absolute* to lawless Man :
 Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force subsist ;
 For who would be a Slave that can resist ?
 Those set the Casuist safest on the Throne,
 Who make the People's Interest their own ;
 And chusing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
 Are Kings of Men, not of a servile Herd.
 O Liberty ! too late desir'd, when lost,
 Like Health, when wanted, thou art valu'd most !
 In Regions where no Property is known,
 Thro' which the *Garone* runs, and rapid *Rhone*,
 Where Peasants toil for Harvest not their own ;
 How gladly would they quit their native Soil,
 And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil !

As Wretches chain'd and lab'ring at the Oar,
In Sight of *Italy's* delightful Shore,
Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more :
Thy Laws have still their Force. Above the rest
Of *Gothic* Kingdoms, happy *Albion*, blest !
Long since their ancient Freedom they have lost,
And servilely of their Subjection boast.
Thy better Fate the vain Attempts resists
Of faithless Monarchs, and designing Priests ;
Unshaken yet the Government subsists.
While Streams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,
Redd'ning the *Maese*, the *Danube*, and the *Po* ;
Thy *Thames*, auspicious Isle ! her Thunder sends,
To crush thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.
Say Muse, (since no Surprise, or foreign Stroke,
Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak,
Since wholsom Laws her Liberty transfer
To future Ages) what can *Albion* fear ?
Can she the dear-bought Treasure throw away ?
Have *Universities* so great a Sway ?
The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect
On Mansions where the Muses keep their Seat.
Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhyme,
My creeping Numbers she forbids to climb :
Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
And o'er my drooping Senses Sleep prevails.
An antique Pile, near *Thames's* silver Stream,
Was the first Object of my airy Dream ;
In ancient Times a consecrated Fane,
But since apply'd to Uses more prophane ;

Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,
 Oft in the Right, and oftner in the Wrong ;
 Of Good and Bad the variable Test,
 Where the Religion that was voted best
 Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest.
 On the high Fabrick stood a Monster fell,
 Of hideous Form, second to none in Hell.
 The Fury, to be more abhorr'd and fear'd,
 Her Teeth and Jaws with Clods of Gore besmear'd,
 Her particolour'd Robe obscenely stain'd
 With pious Murthers, Freeman rack'd and chain'd,
 With the implacable and brutish Rage
 Of fierce Dragoons, sparing no Sex nor Age ;
 With all the horrid Instruments of Death,
 Of tort'ring Innocents t'improve their Faith,
 Clouding the Roof with their infectious Breath.
 Thus she began : " Are then my Labours vain,
 " That to the Pow'rs of *France* have added *Spain* ?
 " Vain my Attempts to make that Empire great ;
 " And shall a Woman my Designs defeat,
 " Baffle th' infernal Projects I've begun,
 " And break the Measures of my fav'rite Son ?
 " Tho' far unlike the Heroes of her Race,
 " That made their Humours of their Laws take Place ;
 " And, slighting Coronation-Oaths, disdain'd
 " Their high Prerogative should be restrain'd.
 " Tho' her own Isle is blest with Liberty,
 " Has she a Right to set all *Europe* free ?
 " Under this Roof, with Management, I may
 " The Progress of her Arms at least delay ;

" From a contagious Vapour I will blow,
 " Within these Walls Breaches shall wider grow :
 " Here let imaginary Fears prevail,
 " And give a Colour to affected Zeal.
 " From trivial Bills let warm Debate arise,
 " Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.
 " If once my treach'rous Arts, and watchful Care,
 " Break the Confed'racy, and end the War,
 " Ador'd, in Hell I may in Triumph sit,
 " And *Europe* to one Potentate submit.

Waking at so detestable a Sound,
 Which would all Order, and all Peace confound,
 I cry'd, infernal Hag ! be ever dumb ;
 Thee, with her Arms, let *A N N A* overcome.
 Here *A N N A* reigns, a Queen by Heav'n bestow'd,
 To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.
 As *Rome* of old gave Liberty to *Greece*,
A N N A th' invaded sinking Empire frees.
 Th' Allies her Faith, her Pow'r the *French* proclaim,
 Her Piety th' Oppress'd, the World her Fame.
 At *A N N A*'s Name, dejected, pale, and scar'd,
 The execrable Phantom disappear'd.



T H E
FEMALE REIGN;
A N
O D E,

Alluding to

Horace, Book 4. Ode 14.

Quæ Cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium, &c.

With a LETTER to a Gentleman in the
UNIVERSITY.

S I R,

THIS comes to congratulate you on the agreeable News of some late extraordinary Successes, which have bless'd the Arms of her Majesty and her Allies. I leave you to the printed Papers for a particular Account of those Actions which have surpriz'd the World; and, we hope, given the last Stroke to the languishing Power of the Common Enemy of Europe. They will furnish noble Topics for the Wits of an University, like yours, who can embellish (if that can be done) the Glories of a Female Reign, with a juster Sublimity of Verse, than what you will find in the following Performance, which was written several Months ago, and not run over with a hasty Negligence. The Ode, from whence I take my Hint, is accounted by some Critics not inferior to the 4th of the same Book, which begins thus;

Qualem Ministrum Fulminis Alitem, &c.

And was written in Compliment to Augustus, on Occasion of a famous Victory gain'd by Tiberius, as this, which I have aim'd to imitate, was written on the Praise of Claudius Nero. I need not inform Men of your Reading and Letters what occasion'd both. The Poet, as he
does

does in almost all his Odes, has shewn a peculiar Artfulness and Elegance, and turns all the Panegyric on the Emperor, (who was not in the Action) with, *Te Concilium, & tuos præbente Divos.* If you ask wherein I have trod in the Steps of Horace, you will find it in the Beginning. I have only kept him in View, and used him only where he was serviceable to my Design. He took the same Liberty with Alcaus, as appears from some Fragments of that Greek Lyric, quoted by Athenæus. In my Digressions and Transitions I have taken Care to play always in Sight, and make every one of them contribute to my main Design. This was the Way of Pindar; to read whom, according to Rapin, will give a truer Idea of the Ode, than all the Rules and Reflections of the best Critics. I will not pretend to have div'd into him over Head and Ears; but I have endeavour'd to have made my self not the greatest Stranger to his Manner of Writing; which generally consists in the Dignity of the Sentiments, and an elegant Variety, which makes the Reader rise up with greater Satisfaction than he sate down: And that which affects the Mind in Compositions of any Sort, will never be disagreeable to a Gentleman of Ingenuity and Judgment. I have avoided Turns, as thinking that they debase the Loftiness of the Ode. You will easily perceive whether I have reach'd that *acer Spiritus & Vis,*

recommended by Horace, as the Genius of Poetry. Whether you will call the following Lines a Pindaric Ode, or irregular Stanza's, gives me no Disturbance; for however the seeming Wildness of this Sort of Verse ought to be restrain'd, the Strophe, Antistrophe, &c. will never bear in English; and it would shew a strange Depravity in our Taste, if it should, as may be witness'd by the servile Imitation of the Dactyles and Spondees used by Sir P. Sidney. But to make an End of this tedious Epistle: You will see through the Whole, that Her *MAJESTY* is the chief Heroine of the Ode; and the Moral at the End, shews the solid Glories of a Reign, which is not founded on a pretended Justice, or criminal Magnanimity.

Yours, &c.

S. C O B B.

T H E

THE
FEMALE REIGN;
A N
O D E.

Attempted in the Style of *Pindar*.

I.

WHAT can the *British* Senate give,
To make the Name of *ANNA* live?
By future People to be sung,
The Labour of each grateful Tongue,
Can faithful Registers, or Rhyme,
In charming Eloquence, or sprightly Wit,
The Wonders of her Reign transmit
To th' unborn Children of succeeding Time?

Can *Painter's* Oil, or *Statuary's* Art,
 Eternity to her impart?
 No; titled Statues are but empty Things,
 Inscrib'd to *Royal Vanity*,
 The Sacrifice of Flattery
 To lawless *Nero's*, or *Bourbonian* Kings.
True Virtue to her kindred Stars aspires,
 Does all our Pomp of Stone and Verse surpass,
 And mingling with *Etherial Fires*,
 No useless Ornament requires,
 From *Speaking Colours*, or from *Breathing Brasses*.

II.

Greatest of Princes! where the wand'ring Sun
 Does o'er Earth's habitable Regions roll,
 From th' *Eastern Barriers* to the *Western Goal*,
 And fees thy Race of Glory run
 With Swiftnefs equal to his own.
 Thee on the Banks of *Flandrian Scalds* sings
 The jocund Swain, releas'd from *Gallic Fear*:
 The *English Voice* unus'd to hear,
 Thee the repeating Banks, Thee ev'ry Valley rings.
 The *Gaul*, untaught to bear the Flames
 Of those who drink the *Maese* or *Thames*,
 From the *Britannick* Valour flies,
 No longer able to withstand
 The Thunderbolt launch'd by a *Female Hand*,
 Or *Light'ning* darter from her Eyes.

III. What

III.

What treble Ruin pious *ANNA* brings
 On false *Electors*, perjur'd *Kings*,
 Let the twice fugitive *Bavarian* tell;
 Who, from his airy Hope of better State,
 By Lust of Sway, irregularly Great,
 Like an apostate *Angel* fell:
 Who by *Imperial* Favour rais'd,
 I'th' highest Rank of Glory blaz'd;
 And had 'till now unrivall'd shone
More than a King, contented with his own.
 But *Lucifer's* bold Steps he trod,
 Who durst assault the Throne of *GOD*;
 And for contented Realms of blissful Light,
 Gain'd the sad Privilege to be
 The First in solid Misery,
 Monarch of Hell, and Woes, and endless Night.
 Corruption of the Best is Worst,
 And foul Ambition, like an evil Wind,
 Blights the fair Blossoms of a noble Mind;
 And if a *Seraph* fall, He's doubly curst.

IV.

Had Guile, and Pride, and Envy grown
 In the black Groves of *Styx* alone,
 Nor ever had on Earth the baleful Crop been sown;
 The Swain, without *Amaze*, had till'd
 The *Flandrian* Glebe, a guiltless Field:

Nor

Nor had he wonder'd, when he found
 The Bones of Heroes in the Ground.
 No Crimfon Streams had lately swell'd
 The *Dyle*, the *Danube*, and the *Scheld*.
 But *Evils* are of necessary Growth,
 To rouze the Brave, and banish Sloth.
 And some are born to win the Stars,
 By Sweat, and Blood, and worthy Scars.
 Heroic Virtue is by Action feen,
 And Vices serve to make it keen;
 And as *Gigantick Tyrants* rise,
NASSAU'S and *ANNA'S* leave the Skies,
 The *Earth-born Monsters* to chastise;
 While *Cerberus* and *Hydra* grow
 For an *Alcides*, or a *MARLBOROUGH*.

V.

If, Heav'nly *Muse*, you burn with a Desire
 To praise the Man whom all admire;
 Come from thy learn'd *Castalian Springs*,
 And stretch aloft thy *Pegasean Wings*:
 Strike the loud *Pindaric Strings*,
 Like the Lark, who soars and sings;
 And as you sail the liquid Skies,
 Cast on * *Menapian Fields* your weeping Eyes:
 For weep they surely must,
 To see the bloody annual Sacrifice;

To

* *The Menapii were the ancient Inhabitants of Flanders.*

To think how the *neglected Dust*,
Which, with Contempt, is basely trod,
Was once the Limbs of Captains, brave and just,
The *Mortal Part* of some great DEMI-GOD;
Who for thrice fifty Years of stubborn War,
With slaught'ring Arms, the Gun and Sword,
Have dug the *mighty Sepulchre*,
And fell as Martyrs on Record,
Of Tyranny reveng'd, and Liberty restor'd.

VI.

See, where at *Audenard*, with Heaps of Slain,
Th' *Heroic Man*, inspir'dly brave,
Mowing across, bestrews the Plain,
And with new *Tenants* crowds the *wealthy Grave*.
His Mind unshaken at the frightful Scene,
His Looks as chearfully serene,
The routed Battle to pursue,
As once adorn'd the *Paphian Queen*,
When to her *Thracian Paramour* she flew.

The gath'ring Troops he kens from far,
And with a Bridegroom's Passion and Delight,
Courting the War, and glowing for the Fight,
The new *Salmaneus* meets the *Celtic Thunderer*.

Ah, cursed Pride! Infernal Dream!
Which drove him to this wild Extream,
That *Dust* a *Deity* should seem;
Be thought, as thro' the wond'ring Streets he rode,
Th' *immortal Man*, or *mortal God*:

With

With rattling Brass, and trampling Horse,
 Should counterfeit th' inimitable Force
 Of Divine Thunder : Horrid Crime !
 But Vengeance is the Child of Time,
 And will too surely be repay'd
 On his prophane devoted Head,
 Who durst affront the Pow'rs above,
 And their eternal Flames disgrace,
 Too fatal, brandish'd by the Rightful Jove,
 Or Pallas, who supplies his Place.

VII.

The British Pallas ! who, as ‡ Homer's did
 For her lov'd Diomedes,
 Her Hero's Mind with Wisdom fills,
 And Heav'nly Courage in his Heart instils.
 Hence thro' the thickest Squadrons does he ride,
 With ANNA's Angels by his Side.
 With what uncommon Speed
 He spurs his foaming, fiery Steed !
 And pushes on thro' midmost Fires,
 Where France's Fortune with her Son's retires.

Now

‡ Homer in his fifth Iliad, because the Hero of that Book is to do Wonders beyond the Power of Man, premises in the Beginning, that Pallas had peculiarly fitted him for that Day's Exploits.

Now here, now there, the sweepy Ruin flies;
 † As when the *Pleiades* arise,
 The *Southern Wind* afflicts the Skies.
 Then, mutt'ring o'er the Deep, buffets th'unruly Brine,
 'Till Clouds and Water seem to join.
 Or as a *Dyke* cut by malicious Hands,
 O'erflows the fertile *Netherlands*;
 Thro' the wide Yawn, th' impetuous Sea,
 Lavish of his new *Liberty*,
 Bestrides the Vale, and with tumultuous Noise,
 Bellows along the delug'd Plain,
 Destructive to the rip'ning Grain,
 Far as th' *Horizon* he destroys,
 (wat'ry Reign.
 The weeping Shepherd from an Hill bewails the

VIII.

So rapid flows th' unprison'd Stream!
 So strong the Force of *MINDELHEIM*!
 In vain the Woods of *Audenard*
 Would shield the *Gaul*, a fenceless Guard.

As

† *Indomitas prope qualis undas*
Exercet Auster, Pleiadum Choro
Scindente Nubes, impiger Hostium
Vexare Turmas, & frementem
Mittere Equum medios per Ignes.
Sic tauriformis volvitur Aufidus,
Qui Regna Dauni præfluit Appuli,
Cum sævit, horrendamque cultis
Diluvium meditatur Agris.

As soon may Whirl-winds be with-held,

As his Passage o'er the *Scheld*.

In vain the Torrent would oppose,

In vain *arm'd* Banks, and num'rous Foes,

Who with inglorious Haste retire,

Fly faster than the River flows,

And swifter than our Fire.

Vendosme from far upbraids their nimble Shame,

And pleads his Royal Master's Fame.

By Conde's mighty Ghost, he cries,

By *Turenne*, *Luxemburgh*, and all

Those noble Souls, who fell a Sacrifice

At † *Lens*, at *Fleurus*, and at *Landen* Fight,

Stop, I conjure you, your ignominious Flight :

But *Fear* is deaf to Honour's Call.

Each frowning Threat and soothing Pray'r

Is lost in the regardless Air.

As well he may

The Billows of the Ocean stay,

While CHURCHILL, like a driving Wind,

Or high Spring-Tide, pursues behind,

And with redoubled Speed urges their forward Way.

IX.

Nor less, *Eugenius*, thy important Care,

Thou second Thunder-bolt of War !

Partner

† Near this Place the Prince of Conde gave the Spaniards a very great Overthrow, 1648.

Partner in Danger and in Fame,
 With *Marlborough's* the Winds shall bear
 To distant Colonies thy conqu'ring Name.
 Nor shall my Muse forget to sing
 From Harmony what Blessings spring :
 To tell how Death did enviously repine,
 To see a *Friendship* so divine ;
 When in a Ball's destroying Shape she past,
 And mark'd thy threaten'd Brow at last :
 But durst not touch that Sacred Brain,
 Where the Concerns of *Europe* reign ;
 For strait she bow'd her ghastly Head ;
 She saw the *Mark of Heav'n*, and fled.
 As cruel *Brennus* once insulting *Gaul*,
 When he, at *Allia's* fatal Flood,
 Had fill'd the Plains with *Roman* Blood,
 With conscious Awe forsook the *Capitol*,
 Where *Jove*, Revenger of Prophaneness, stood.

X

But where the *Good* and *Brave* command,
 What *Capitol*, what Castle can withstand ?
Virtue, as well as *Gold*, can pass
 Thro' Walls of Stone, and Tow'rs of Brass.
LISLE, like a Mistress, had been courted long,
 And always yielded to the Bold and Young ;

The

The fairest Progeny of *Vauban's* Art,

'Till *Savoy's* warlike Prince withstood

Her frowning Thunders, and thro' Seas of Blood

Tore the bright Darling from th'old Tyrant's Heart.

Such * *Buda* saw him, when proud † *Apti* fell,

Unhappy, Valiant Infidel!

Who, vanquish'd by superior Strength,

Surrender'd up his haughty Breath,

Upon the Breach measuring his Manly Length,

And shunn'd the *Bow-string* by a nobler Death.

XI.

Such ‡ *Harscham's* Field beheld him in his Bloom,

When *Victory* bespoke him for her own,

Her Favourite, Immortal Son,

And told of better Years revolving on the Loom :

How

* He bore a considerable Share in the Glory of that Day on which *Buda* was taken.

† He was *Bassaw* of the City, and lost his Life on the Breach.

Vicem gerit illa Tonantis.

‡ This was the fatal Battle to the Turks in the Year 1687. Prince Eugene, with the Regiments of his Brigade, was the first who enter'd the Trenches ; and for that Reason had the Honour to be the first Messenger of this happy News to the Emperor.

How he should make the *Turkish Crescent* wane,
 And choak & *Tibiscus* with the Slain ;
 While *Viziers* lay beneath the lofty Pile
 Of slaughter'd *Bassaws*, who o'er *Bassaws* roll'd,
 And all his num'rous Acts she told,
 From *Latian Carpi* down to *Flandrian LISLE*.
 Where ev'ry Day new Conquests should produce,
 Labour for Envy and a Muse :
 Where, with her rattling Trumpet's Sound,
 Fame should shake the Hills around ;
 Should tell how *WEBB*, nigh woody *Wynendale*,
 Argu'd each Inch of that important Ground.
 So much in Virtue's Scale
 True Valour Numbers can out-do,
 And *Thousands* are but *Cyphers* to a Few:

XII.

Honour, with open Arms, receives at last
 The Heroes, who thro' *Virtue's* Temple past ;
 And show'rs down Lawrels from Above,
 On those whom Heav'n and *ANNA* love.

And

& This Battle was fought on the 10th of October, 1697, where Prince Eugene commanded in Chief; in which there never happen'd so great and so terrible a Destruction to the Ottoman Army, which fell upon the principal Commanders more than the common Soldiers; for no less than 15 Bassaws (five of which had been Viziers of the Bench) were kill'd, besides the supreme Vizier.

And some, not sparingly, she throws
 For the young *Eagles*, who could try
 The *Faith* and *Judgment* of the Sky,
 And dare the Sun with steady Eye,
 For *Hanover's* and *Prussia's* Brows,
Eugenes in Bloom, and future *Marlboroughs*.
 To *Hanover*, *Brunswiga's* second Grace,
 Descendant from a long *Imperial* Race,
 The Muse directs an unaffected Flight,
 And prophecies, from so serene a Morn,
 To what clear Glories he is born,
 When blazing with a full *Meridian* Light,
 He shall the *British* Hemisphere adorn :
 When *Mars* shall lay his batter'd Target down,
 And he, (since Death will never spare
 The Good, the Pious, and the Fair)
 In his ripe *Harvest* of Renown,
 Shall after his *Great Father* fit,
 (If Heav'n so long a Life permit)
 And having swell'd the flowing Tide
 Of Fame, which he in Arms shall get,
 The Purchase of an *honest* Sweat,
 Shall safe in stormy Seas *Britannia's* Vessel guide.

XIII.

Britannia's Vessel, which in *ANNA's* Reign,
 And prudent *Pilotry*, enjoys
 The Tempest which the World destroys,
 And rides triumphant o'er the subject Main,
 O may She soon a quiet Harbour gain !

And

And sure the *promis'd Hour* is come,
When in soft Notes the *peaceful Lyre*
Shall still the Trumpet and the Drum,
Shall play what Gods and Men desire,
And strike *Bellona's* Musick dumb.

When *War*, by Parents curs'd, shall quit the Field,
Unbuckle his bright Helmet, and to rest
His weary'd Limbs, sit on his *idle Shield*,
With Scars of Honour plow'd upon his Breast.
But if the *Gallic Pharaoh's* stubborn Heart
Grows fresh for Punishment, and hardens still,
Prepar'd for th' *irrecoverable Ill*,

(Part:
And force th' *unwilling Skies* to act the last *ungrateful*,
Thy Forces, *ANNA*, like a Flood, shall overwhelm
(If Heav'n does *Scepter'd Innocence* maintain)

His famish'd desolated Realm;
And all the Sons of *Pharamond* in vain
(Who with dishonest Envy see
The sweet *forbidden Fruits* of *distant Liberty*)

(*Reign.*
Shall curse their rigid *Salic Law*, and wish a *Female*

XIV.

A *FEMALE REIGN* like thine,
O *ANNA*, *British Heroine*!
To Thee afflicted Empires fly for Aid,
Where'er Tyrannic Standards are display'd,
From the wrong'd *Iber* to the threaten'd *Rhine*.

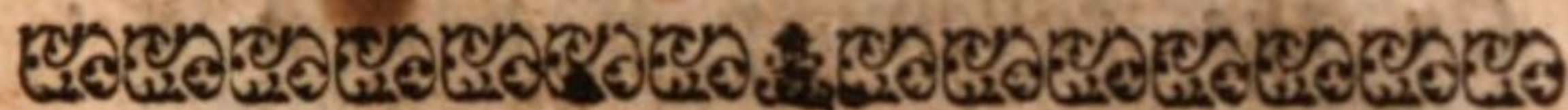
Thee,

Thee, where the *Golden-sanded Tagus* flows,
 Beneath fair * *Ulyssippo's* Walls,
 The frighted *Lusitanian* calls :
 Thee, they who drink the *Sein*, with those
 Who plow *Iberian* Fields, implore,
 To give the lab'ring World Repose,
 And universal Peace restore.

Thee, *Gallia*, mournful to survive the Fate
 Of her fall'n Grandeur, and departed State,
 By sad Experience taught to own,
 That *Virtue* is a safer Way to rise,
 A shorter Passage to the Skies,
 Than *Pelion* upon *Ossa* thrown :
 For they, who by deny'd Attempts presume
 To reach the *Starry Thrones*, become
 Sure Food for Thunder, and condemn'd to howl
 In † *Ætna*, or in ‡ *Arima* to roll,
 By an inevitable Doom,
 Gain but an higher Fall, a *Mountain* for their Tomb.

* The old Name of Lisbon, said to be built by Ulysses.
 † ‡ Two Mountains where Jupiter lodg'd the Giants.





A N

E S S A Y

O N

P O E T R Y,

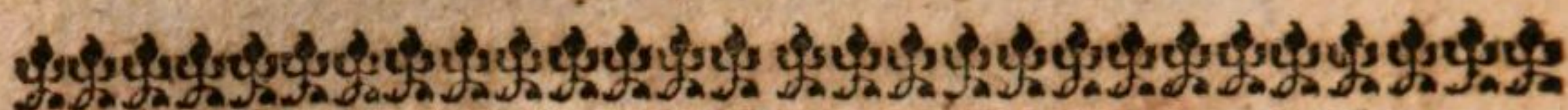
By his G R A C E

J O H N,

Duke of Buckinghamshire, &c.



H



On the following ESSAY:

By Mr. WELSTED.

HERE the Young Muse instructed how to sing,
Forms for the distant Flight her tender Wing;
As in a Mirror, here, delights to view
What Ornaments are false, and what are true:
Here ev'ry shining Grace and Virtue sees,
And learns with Pain, and reaches by Degrees.
So when bright *Buckingham* her Charms displays,
And Envy's self is tortur'd into Praise,
There meaner Beauties fix their Eyes alone,
And by her Dress and Mien design their own.
All see Perfection in *Zelinda's* Air,
Copy her Form, and practise to be fair.
Her Grace of Shape and Motion still they view,
While she expresses still some Grace that's new.
Each Nymph by faint Resemblance aims to please:
This slides into her Step, that gains her Ease;
Some her fine Feature, some assume her Pride:
All steal *Zelinda*, and her Charms divide.

A N



A N
E S S A Y
O N
P O E T R Y.

OF Things in which Mankind does most excel,
Nature's chief Master-piece is *Writing well*;
 And of all Sorts of Writing, none there are
 That can the least with *Poetry* compare:
 No Kind of Work requires so nice a Touch;
 And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
 But Heav'n forbid we should be so prophane,
 To grace the *Vulgar* with that sacred Name.
 'Tis not a Flash of *Fancy*, which sometimes,
 Dazling our Minds, sets off the slightest Rhymes;
 Bright as a Blaze, but in a Moment done;
True Wit is everlasting, like the *Sun*;

Which, tho' sometimes behind a Cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Numbers and Rhyme, and that harmonious Sound
Which never does the Ear with Harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar Arts;
For all in vain these superficial Parts
Contribute to the Structure of the whole,
Without a *Genius* too, for that's the *Soul*:
A *Spirit* which inspires the Work throughout,
As that of *Nature* moves the World about:
A *Heat* which glows in ev'ry Word that's writ;
'Tis something of *Divine*, and more than *Wit*;
It self unseen, yet all Things by it shown,
Describing all Men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? What Caverns of the Brain
Can such a vast and mighty Thing contain?
When I, at idle Hours, in vain thy Absence mourn,
O where dost thou retire? And why dost thou return
Sometimes with pow'rful Charms to hurry me away
From Pleasures of the Night, and Bus'ness of the Day?
E'en now too far transported, I am fain
To check thy Course, and use the needful Rein.
As all is Dulness, when the Fancy's bad;
So, without Judgment, Fancy is but mad;
And Judgment has a boundless Influence,
Not only in the Choice of Words or Sense,
But on the World, on Manners, and on Men:
Fancy is but the Feather of the Pen.
Reason is that substantial useful Part,
Which gains the Head, while t'other wins the Heart.

Here

Here I should all the various Sorts of Verse,
 And the whole *Art of Poetry* rehearse:
 But who that Task can after *Horace* do?
 The best of Masters and Examples too!
 Ecchoes at best; all we can say is vain,
 Dull the Design, and fruitless were the Pain.
 'Tis true, the Antients we may rob with Ease;
 But who with that sad Shift himself can please?
 Without an Actor's Pride, a Player's Art
 Is above his who writes a borrow'd Part.
 Yet modern Laws are made for later Faults,
 And new Absurdities inspire new Thoughts.
 What Need has *Satyr* then to live on Theft,
 When so much fresh Occasion still is left?
 Fertile our Soil, and full of rankest Weeds,
 And Monsters worse than ever *Nilus* breeds.
 But hold, the Fools shall have no Cause to fear;
 'Tis Wit and Sense that is the Subject here.
 Defects of witty Men deserve a Cure,
 And those who are so, will e'en this endure.

S O N G S.

First then of *Songs*, which now so much abound,
 Without his *Song* no Fop is to be found;
 A most offensive Weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets, against *Apollo's* Laws.
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no Part
 Of *Poetry* requires a nicer Art;

For as in Rows of richest Pearl there lies
 Many a Blemish that escapes our Eyes,
 The least of which Defects is plainly shown
 In some small Ring, and brings the Value down.
 So Songs should be to just Perfection wrought;
 Yet where can we see one without a Fault?
 Exact Propriety of Words and Thought,
 Expression easy, and the Fancy high;
 Yet *that* not seem to creep, nor *this* to fly;
 No Words transpos'd, but in such Order all,
 As, tho' hard wrought, may seem by Chance to fall.
 Here, as in all Things else, is most unfit
 Bare Ribaldry, that poor Pretence to Wit.
 Such *nauseous* Songs, by a late Author made,
 Call an unwilling Censure on his Shade.
 Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting Joy,
 Can shock the *Chastest*, or the *Nicest* cloy;
 But Words obscene, too gross to move Desire,
 Like Heaps of Fuel, do but choak the Fire.
 On other Themes he well deserves our Praise,
 Here pants that Appetite he meant to raise.

E L E G Y.

Next Elegy, of sweet but solemn Voice,
 And of a Subject grave, exacts the Choice;
 The Praise of Beauty, Valour, Wit contains;
 And there too oft despairing Love complains.
 In vain, alas! for who by Wit is mov'd?
 That *Phoenix* she deserves to be lov'd.

But

But noisy Nonsense, and such Fops as vex
 Mankind, take most with that fantastic Sex.
 This to the Praise of those who better knew,
 The *many* raise the Value of the *few*.
 But here, as all our Sex too oft have try'd,
 Women have drawn my wand'ring Thoughts aside.
 Their greatest Fault, who in this Kind have writ,
 Is not Defect in Words, nor Want of Wit:
 But should this Muse harmonious Numbers yield,
 And ev'ry Couplet be with Fancy fill'd,
 If yet a just Coherence be not made
 Between each Thought, and the whole Model laid
 So right, that ev'ry Step may higher rise,
 Like goodly Mountains, 'till they reach the Skies.
 Trifles like such perhaps of late have past,
 And may be lik'd awhile, but never last.
 'Tis *Epigram*, 'tis *Point*, 'tis what you will;
 But not an *Elegy*, nor writ with Skill;
 No * *Panegyric*, nor a † *Cooper's Hill*.

O D E S.

A higher Flight, and of a happier Force,
 Are ‡ *Odes*, the Muses most unruly Horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the Rider has no Rest,
 But foams at Mouth, and moves like one possesst.

H 4

The

* Waller's. † Denham's.

‡ *Pindaric Odes*.

The Poet here must be indeed inspir'd
 With Fury too, as well as Fancy fir'd.
 Cowley might boast to have perform'd this Part,
 Had he with Nature join'd the Rules of Art;
 But ill Expression sometimes gives Allay
 To that rich Fancy which can ne'er decay.
 Tho' all appear in Heat and Fury done,
 The Language still must soft and easy run.
 These Laws may seem a little too severe;
 But Judgment yields, and Fancy governs there;
 Which, tho' extravagant, this Muse allows,
 And makes the Work much easier than it shows.

S A T I R E.

Of all the Ways that wisest Men could find,
 To mend the Age, and mortify Mankind,
 Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the Remedy is lov'd.
 'Tis hard to write on such a Subject more,
 Without repeating Things said oft before.
 Some vulgar Errors only we remove,
 That stain a Beauty which so much we love.
 Of well-chose Words some take not Care enough,
 And think they should be, as the Subject, rough.
 This Poem must be more exactly made,
 And sharpest Thoughts in smoothest Words convey'd.
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only Bus'ness was to rail:

But

But humane Frailty nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a *Satyr* from a Scold.
 Rage you must hide, and Prejudice lay down;
A Satyr's Smile is sharper than his Frown :
 So, while you seem to flight some Rival Youth,
 Malice it self may sometimes pass for Truth.
 The * *Laureat* here may justly claim our Praise,
 Crown'd † by *Mac-Fleckno* with immortal Bays;
 Tho' prais'd and punish'd for another's ‡ Rhimes,
 His own deserve as great Applause sometimes.
 But once his *Pegasus* has born dead Weight, &
 Rid by some lumpish Ministers of State.
 Here rest, my Muse, suspend my Cares awhile,
 A greater Enterprize attends thy Toil.
 As some young Eagle that designs to fly
 A long unwonted Journey thro' the Sky,
 Considers all the dangerous Way before,
 Over what Lands and Seas she is to soar;
 Doubts her own Strength so far, and justly fears
 That lofty Road of airy Travellers :
 But yet incited by some fair Design,
 That does her Hopes beyond her Fears incline,
 Prunes ev'ry Feather, views herself with Care,
 At last resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding Air.

H 5

Away

* *Mr. Dryden.*

† *A famous Satyrical Poem of his.*

‡ *A Copy of Verses, call'd, An Essay on Satire, for which Mr. Dryden was both Applauded and Beaten, tho' not only Innocent but Ignorant of the whole Matter.*

& *The Hind and Panther.*

Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last.

So (but too weak for such a weighty Thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper Note to sing :
And why should Truth offend, when only told
To guide the Ignorant, and warn the Bold ?
On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage
To give Instructions that concern the Stage.

P L A Y S.

The Unities of Action, Time, and Place,
Which, if observ'd, give Plays so great a Grace,
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer Faults to purge the present Age,
Less obvious Errors of the *English* Stage.

First then, *Soliloquies* had need be few,
Extreamly short, and spoke in Passion too ;
Our Lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the Pit their Confident :
Nor is the Matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a Friend, only to tell it us.
Th'Occasion should as naturally fall,
As when * *Belario* confesses all.

Figures

* In *Philaster*, a Play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Figures of Speech, which Poets think so fine,
 Art's needless Varnish, to make Nature shine,
 Are all but Paint upon a beauteous Face,
 And in Description only claim a Place :
 But to make Rage declaim, and Grief discourse,
 From Lovers in Despair fine Things to force,
 Must needs succeed ; for who can chuse but pity
 A dying Hero miserably witty ?
 But oh ! the Dialogues, where Jest and Mock
 Is held up, like a Rest at Shittle-cock !
 Or else, like Bells, eternally they chime ;
 They sigh in Simile, and die in Rhime.
 What Things are these who would be Poets thought,
 By Nature not inspir'd, nor Learning taught ?
 Some Wit they have, and therefore may deserve
 A better Course than this by which they starve.
 But to write Plays ! why, 'tis a bold Pretence
 To Judgment, Breeding, Wit, and Eloquence :
 Nay more, for they must look within to find
 Those secret Turns of Nature in the Mind.
 Without this Part, in vain would be the Whole,
 And but a Body all without a Soul.
 All this together yet is but a Part
 Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful Art,
 Now almost lost, which the old *Greeks* knew,
 From whom the *Romans* fainter Copies drew,
 Scarce comprehended since but by a few.
Plato and *Lucian* are the best Remains
 Of all the Wonders which this Art contains :

Yet to our selves we Justice must allow,
Shakespear and *Fletcher* are the Wonders now,
Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go see them play'd, then read them as before;
For tho' in many Things they grossly fail,
Over our Passions still they so prevail,
That our own Grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The Dull are forc'd to feel, the Wise to weep.
Their Beauties imitate, avoid their Faults.
First on a Plot employ thy careful Thoughts;
Turn it with Time a thousand several Ways:
This oft alone has giv'n Success to Plays.
Reject that vulgar Error, which appears
So fair, of making perfect Characters:
There's no such Thing in Nature, and you'll draw
A faultless Monster, which the World ne'er saw.
Some Faults must be, that his Misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve Compassion too.
Besides the main Design compos'd with Art,
Each moving Scene must be a Plot apart.
Contrive each little Turn, mark ev'ry Place,
As Painters first chalk out the future Face:
Yet be not fondly your own Slave for this;
But change hereafter what appears amiss.
Think not so much where shining Thoughts to place,
As what a Man would say in such a Case.
Neither in Comedy will this suffice,
The Player too must be before your Eyes;
And tho' 'tis Drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your utmost Meaning show.

Expose

Expose no single Fop ; but lay the Load
More equally, and spread the Folly broad.
The other Way is vulgar ; oft we see
The Fool derided by as bad as he.
Hawks fly at nobler Game ; in this low Way
A very Owl may prove a Bird of Prey.
Ill Poets so will one poor Fop devour ;
But to collect, like Bees, from ev'ry Flow'r,
Ingredients to compose that precious Juice,
Which serves the World for Pleasure and for Use,
In Spight of Faction, this would Favour get ;
But * *Falstaff* seems unimitable yet.

Another Fault which often does befall,
Is, when the Wit of some great Poet shall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That all his Fools speak Sense, as if posselt,
And each by Inspiration breaks his Jest.
If once the Justness of each Part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the Poet's Cost.
That silly Thing Men call Sheer-Wit, avoid,
With which our Age so nauseously is cloy'd.
Humour is all, Wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper Thought.
But since the Poets we of late have known,
Shine in no Drefs so much as in their own ;
The better by Example to convince,
Cast but a View on this wrong Side of Sense.

First

* *An admirable Character in a Play of Shakespear's.*

First a Soliloquy is calmly made,
 Where ev'ry Reason is exactly weigh'd;
 Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
 A Hero frighted at the Noise of Drums,
 For her sweet Sake, whom at first Sight he loves,
 And all in *Metaphor* his Passion proves;
 But some sad Accident, tho' yet unknown,
 Parting this Pair, to leave the Swain alone.

He streight grows jealous, yet we know not why,
 And, to oblige his Rival, needs will die:
 But first he makes a Speech, wherein he tells
 The absent Nymph, how much his Flame excels,
 And yet bequeaths her generously now
 To that dear Rival whom he does not know;
 Who streight appears (but who can Fate withstand?)
 Too late, alas! to hold his hasty Hand,
 That just has giv'n himself the cruel Stroke,
 At which this very Stranger's Heart is broke;
 He more to his new Friend than Mistress kind,
 Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
 Of such a Death prefers the pleasing Charms
 To Love, and living in a Lady's Arms.

(these?
 How shameful, and what monstrous Things are
 And then they rail at those they cannot please;
 Conclude us only partial to the Dead,
 And grudge the Sign of old Ben. Johnson's Head:
 When the intrinsic Value of the Stage
 Can scarce be judg'd, but by a following Age;

For

For Dances, Flutes, *Italian* Songs, and Rhime,
May keep up sinking Nonsense for a Time.
But that may fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And Sense no longer will submit to Fools.

EPICK POETRY.

By painful Steps we are at last got up
Parnassus Hill, on whose bright airy Top
The *Epick Poets* so divinely show,
And with just Pride behold the rest below.
Heroic Poems have a just Pretence
To be the utmost Reach of humane Sense;
A Work of such inestimable Worth,
There are but two the World has yet brought forth,
Homer and *Virgil*; with what awful Sound
Do those meer Words the Ears of Poets wound?
Just as a Changeling seems below the rest
Of Men, or rather is a two-legg'd Beast;
So these Gigantic Souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human Kind,
Nature's whole Strength united; endless Fame,
And universal Shouts attend their Name.
Read *Homer* once, and you can read no more,
For all Things else appear so dull and poor:
Verse will seem Prose; yet often on him look,
And you will hardly need another Book.
Had * *Bossu* never writ, the World had still,
Like *Indians*, view'd this wond'rous Piece of Skill;

As

* A late celebrated French Author, who in his Treatise
on *Epick Poetry*, drew all his Examples from *HOMER*.

As something of Divine the Work admir'd,
 Not hop'd to be instructed but inspir'd :
 But he, disclosing sacred Mysteries,
 Has shewn where all the mighty Magick lies,
 Describ'd the Seeds, and in what Order sown,
 That have to such a vast Proportion grown.
 Sure from some Angel he this Secret knew,
 Who thro' this Labyrinth has giv'n the Clue.
 But what, alas ! avails it poor Mankind,
 To see this promis'd Land, yet stay behind ?
 The Way is shewn ; but who has Strength to go ?
 Who can all Sciences exactly know ?
 Whose Fancy flies beyond weak Reason's Sight,
 And yet has Judgment to direct it right ?
 Whose just Discernment, *Virgil*-like, is such,
 Never to say too little, or too much ?
 Let such a Man begin without Delay,
 But he must do much more than I can say ;
 Must above *Cowley*, nay, and *Milton* too, prevail,
 (fail.
 Succeed where great *Torquato*, and our greater *Spenser*



HORACE



H O R A C E

Lib. III. Ode 3. *Imitated.*

By WILLIAM WALSH, Esq;

Fustum & tenacem propositi virum, &c.

THE Man that's resolute and just,
 Firm to his Principles and Trust,
 Nor Hopes, nor Fears, can blind;
 No Passions his Designs controul,
 Not Love, that Tyrant of the Soul,
 Can shake his steady Mind.

Not Parties for Revenge engag'd,
 Nor Threat'nings of a Court enrag'd,
 Nor Storms where Fleets despair:

Not

Not Thunder pointed at his Head ;
The shatter'd World may strike him dead,
Not touch his Soul with Fear.

From this the *Grecian* Glory rose ;
By this the *Romans* aw'd their Foes :

Of this their Poets sing :

These were the Paths their Heroes trod ;
These Acts made *Hercules* a God,
And Great *Nassau* a King.

Firm on the rolling Deck he stood,
Unmov'd, beheld the breaking Flood,
With black'ning Storms combin'd :

Virtue, he cry'd, will force its Way ;
The Wind may for awhile delay,
Not alter our Design.

The Men whom selfish Hopes inflame,
Or Vanity allures to Fame,

May be to Fears betray'd :

But here, a Church for Succour flies,
Insulted Law expiring lies,
And loudly calls for Aid.

Yes, *Britons*, yes, with ardent Zeal
I come, the wounded Heart to heal,

The wounding Hand to bind :

See ! Tools of arbitrary Sway,
And Priests, like Locusts, scout away
Before the Western Wind.

Law shall again her Force resume,
Religion clear'd from Clouds of Rome,
With brighter Rays advance :

The *British* Fleet shall rule the Deep,
The *British* Youth, as rous'd from Sleep,
Strike Terror into *France*.

Nor shall these Promises of Fate,
Be limited to my short Date,
When I from Cares withdraw ;

Still shall the *British* Scepter stand,
Shall flourish in a Female Hand,
And to Mankind give Law.

She shall domestick Foes unite ;
Monarchs beneath her Flags shall fight,
Whole Armies drag her Chain :
She shall lost *Italy* restore,
Shall make th' Imperial Eagle soar,
And give a King to *Spain*.

But know these Promises are given,
These great Rewards, imperial Heaven
Does on these Terms decree ;
That, strictly punishing Mens Faults,
You let their Consciences and Thoughts
Rest absolutely free.

Let no false Politicks confine
In narrow Bounds your vast Design,
To make Mankind unite ;

Nor

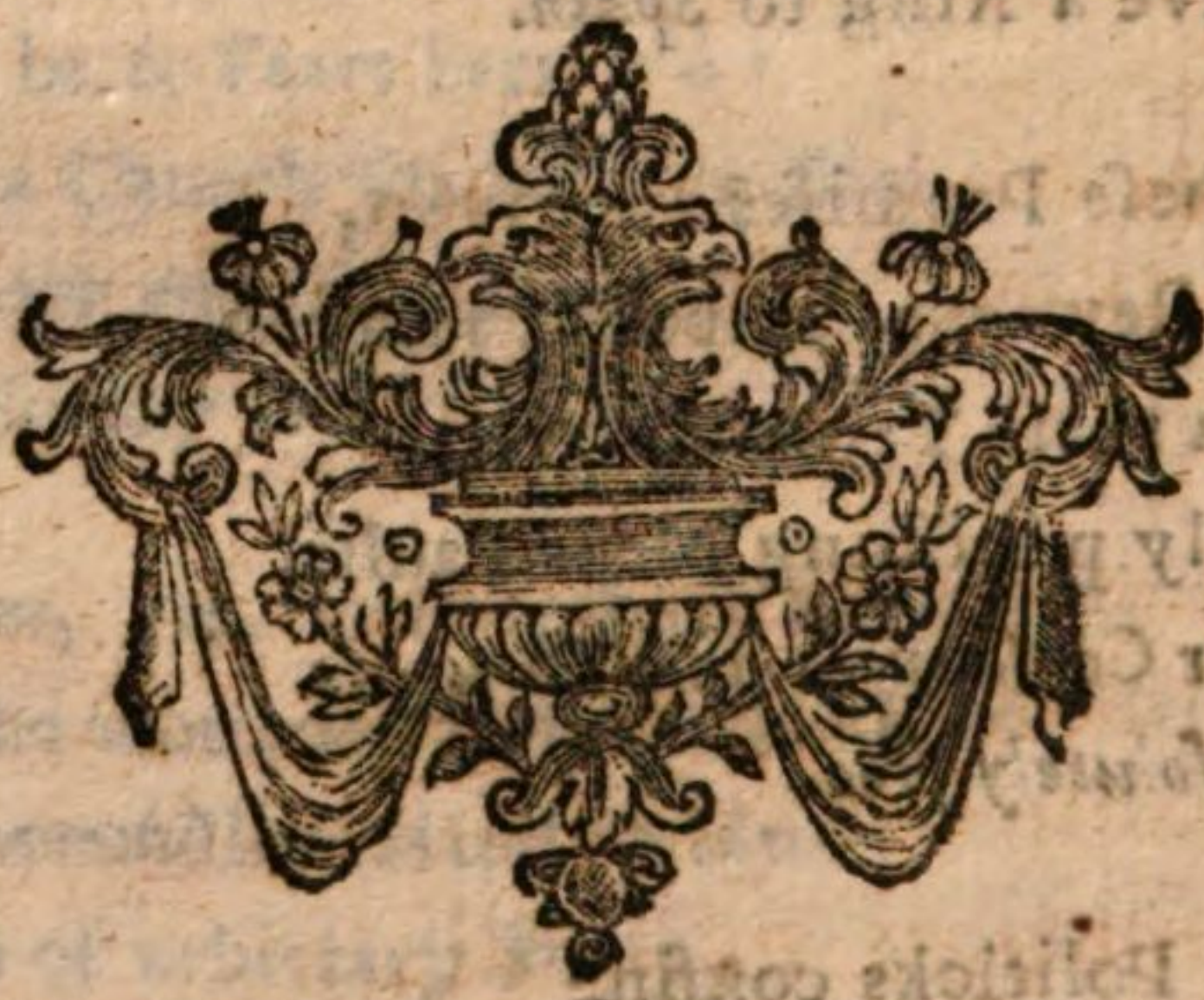
Nor think it a sufficient Cause,
To punish Men by Penal Laws,
For not Believing right.

Rome, whose blind Zeal destroys Mankind ;
Rome's Sons shall your Compassion find,
Who ne'er Compassion knew :

By nobler Actions theirs condemn ;
For what has been reproach'd in them,
Can ne'er be prais'd in you.

These Subjects suit not with the Lyre ;
Muse, to what Height dost thou aspire,
Pretending to rehearse

The Thoughts of God, and Godlike Kings ?
Cease, cease to lessen lofty Things,
By mean ignoble Verse.



HORACE



H O R A C E,

Lib. IV. Ode 5. *Imitated.*

Address'd to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, instead of Augustus, to whom it is dedicated in the Original.

*Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ
Custos Gentis, &c.*

I. (smile,
O Born ! when Heav'n's propitious deign'd to
Thou best and bravest Champion of our Isle !
Too long hast thou been absent from our Sight,
Too long unhappy Britains mourn
Thy slow Return ;
And Senates wait to do their conqu'ring Gen'ral Right.

II. Return

II.

Return, brave Prince, those radiant Beams restore,
 That grac'd thy Country, when thou grac'd'st its ^{(Shore ;}
 For like the Spring's, when thy bright Aspect's seen,
 It on the People darts its Rays,
 And introduces Sun-shine Days,
 And all the Land does smile, and all the Sky's serene.

III.

As a fond Mother for her Son complains,
 Whom the South-Wind on Foreign Coasts detains,
 Beyond his wonted and his promis'd Time,
 From his dear Home, and her more dear Embrace,
 And will not from the Shore avert her Face !
 But upwards sends her Vows and Pray'rs,
 Expensive of her briny Tears,
 In Hopes to see him reach his native Clime.
 Thus urg'd by faithful Wishes and Desires,
 Britain from Germany her Marlborough requires.

IV.

Safe by thy Prefence Oxen plow the Fields,
 And Ceres with Increase her Blessings yields ;
 As every Project to our Wish succeeds,
 While by thy Influence at Land, the Sea
 From Gallia's Naval Threats is free,
 And Virtue grows in Fashion from thy virtuous Deeds.

V.

To thee, and to thy chaste Examples due,
No Peer frequents the long-neglected Stew,
That Parents by their Childrens Looks are known,
That Laws are put in Force,
And Punishments come on of Course,
When obstinate Offenders will those Laws disown.

VI.

Who fears the *French*, or who the grumbling *Scot*?
Or the dark Mischiefs false *Bavarians* plot?
Who values the *Hungarian* or the *Swede*?
If *Marlb'rough's* free from Harms,
The World against us is in vain in Arms,
And in his Health alone *Britain's* from Danger freed.

VII.

Be thou but safe, we'll safely spend our Days,
And undisturb'd will Plants and Flowers raise;
Will lop the *Sycamore*, and prune the *Vine*,
And to our own Freeholds will come,
Mindful of him that gifts us with a Home,
And toast our fam'd Defender's Health, by which we

(dine.

VIII.

To thee our Wishes and our Cups go round,
With many Vows, and many Bumpers crown'd,

While

While we to Royal *Anna's* join thy Name,
 With the same Rev'ence to thy Praise,
 As *Greece* in ancient Days,
 Shew'd to their *Castor's* or *Alcides'* deathless Fame:

IX.

O matchless Prince! for so the Muse requests,
 Return, and lengthen our Thanksgiving-Feasts;
 Extend them to an endless Round of Years,
 Or make one Holiday of Time,
 'Till thou celestial Regions climb,
 And leave us all disconsolate in Tears.
 These are our Day-break Wishes, when athirst we wake,
 (take.
 And these our Sun-set Vows, when we full Bumpers

*Tibi summe Rheni Domitor, Parens Orbis,
 Pudice Princeps, gratias agunt urbes.*

Mart. l. 9.





TO THE
QUEEN,
ON

*The DEATH of his Royal Highness
Prince GEORGE of Denmark.*

By JOSEPH TRAPP, M. A.

WHEN weeping Majesty thro' Clouds appears,
And all *Britannia's* Hope dissolves in Tears,
'Tis universal Grief; and all would show
Their Zeal to lessen such important Woe.
While others various Arts of Comfort use;
Accept of mine, Great Princess, nor refuse
The Consolations of th'officious Muse,

VOL. II.

I

Who

Who sighs for you, and labours in her Turn,
To heal that Sorrow, which whole Kingdoms mourn.

With Cause indeed you grieve, with mighty Cause
Lament harsh Destiny's resistless Laws,
When the dear Partner of your Joys and Cares
No more survives, no more your Counsels shares;
No longer lives t' adorn your Court, and bless
Your warlike Reign with all the Sweets of Peace,
To heighten Fortune's Smiles, allay her Frowns,
And ease the long Fatigues that wait on Crowns.
All was harmonious; no Dispute between
Th' ambiguous Rights of Confort and of QUEEN,
When mutual Tenderneſs unqueſtion'd ſway'd,
And both, or neither, govern'd or obey'd.
How did the pious Royal Pair improve
The brighteſt Patterns of Connubial Love!
Which ſtill in all ſhall Admiration raiſe;
O! would they imitate, as well as praiſe.

In Life's Decay, to Sickneſs forc'd to yield,
He fought, 'tis true, no Lawrels in the Field:
How could he then thoſe tedious Toils ſuſtain,
With lab'ring Lungs that heav'd for Breath with Pain?
How range the thick'ning Squadrons into Form,
Or reach th' uncertain Battle when to ſtorm?
As when his Strength, not yet in its Decline,
Stood firm, and gave the Hero Leave to ſhine.

When

When oft renown'd in Northern Wars, he led
His hardy *Danes*, and charging at their Head,
With swift Destruction crush'd the valiant *Swede*;
Rescu'd his sinking Brother from the Foe,
And sav'd a King and Kingdom at a Blow.

(join,
Or when he march'd with *WILLIAM's* Arms to
And shar'd with him the Glory of the *Boyne*.
Nor, when retir'd, did all his Labours cease;
Silent, but not inglorious, was his Ease.
Your Realms with delegated Rule he aw'd,
Gentle at Home, as rough and brave Abroad.
Thus always led by Fame's or Virtue's Charms,
An Hero still in Piety, or Arms.

Tho' all these Honours to himself are due,
One more conspicuous he derives from you;
Confort to such a *QUEEN*! That deathless Name
Shall add the brightest Lustre to his Fame;
Immortalize his Glory, and out-shine
All Regal Titles, but the *Right Divine*.

A Prince so excellent you needs must grieve
To lose, but Heav'n rejoices to receive.
Cease then your Sighs; while languishing you sit,
Britannia's Genius weeping at your Feet,
The Business of the World suspended stands,
Nor circulates without your dread Commands.

So if that Part which all the Body guides,
Where the Nerves meet, and where the Soul resides,

The least Disorder feels, the whole Machine
Is pale without, and all untun'd within:
The vital Springs their active Force forget,
And all the lazy Pulses faintly beat.

Enough to Grief you then resign'd your Breast,
Profuse and lavish of your Royal Rest;
When negligent of all your Pomp and State,
Close by the gasping Prince you pensive fate;
Outwatch'd the Stars with watry sleepless Eyes,
With Vows incessant importun'd the Skies;
And vainly struggling with relentless Death,
Hung on his trembling Lips, and catch'd his flying ^{(Breath.}

As much as could from Destiny be gain'd,
Your unexampled Piety obtain'd:
Long doubtful did his lifted Hand forbear
The threat'ned Stroke, which hov'ring hung in Air.
Your Pray'rs with Heav'n maintain'd a dubious Strife,
His Soul long flutt'ring on the Verge of Life,
And by a gradual Death at last set free,
To soften Fate, and smoothe its harsh Decree.

Nor weep, as if your Glory too were dead,
And all your Joys with your lov'd Confort fled,
No more he holds your Pow'r in either Hand,
One to controul the Sea, and one the Land:
Yet Sov'reign o'er these Isles you still remain,
And in our willing Hearts triumphant reign:

Yet

Yet still your Fleets the liquid Empire keep,
 And ride Majestick o'er the boundless Deep.
 Abroad your conqu'ring Troops lament your Loss
 In dreadful Grief, pernicious to your Foes.
 Soon as the News was to the Camp convey'd,
 On *Lisle's* retarding Citadel employ'd,
 Murm'ring they paus'd, the Tidings to enquire,
 With Arms reclin'd, and stopp'd their Storms of Fire;
 But soon discharg'd their Fury on the *Gauls*,
 And pour'd fresh Ruin on their shatter'd Walls.
Marlb'rough and *Eugene* still your Thunder wield,
 In spite of Winter, and maintain the Field;
 Always victorious, they the Foe engage,
 Like Winter Tempests, with redoubled Rage;
 Teaching his scatter'd Troops no more to dare
 To stand the sweeping Whirlwind of their War.
 Fir'd with new Courage, farther we advance
 On hostile Ground, and closely press on *France*.
Britannia's QUEEN, and all *Britannia's* Pow'rs,
 Level their Bolts at *Gallia's* haughty Tow'rs;
 More terrible in Grief: So Lightnings fly,
 Redd'ning the horrid Gloom, when Clouds obscure (the Sky.

Let all your Conquests for his Death attone,
 Forget Fate's Triumphs, and improve your own.
 Chiefly to you the Godlike Prince is lost;
 But think, oh! think, you grieve at *Europe's* cost,
 And least should mourn him, though you lose him (most.

And you, who near your weeping Sov'reign wait,
 And share the melancholy Pomp of State,
 Use all your Female Tendernefs, and find
 The gentlest Arts to recompose her Mind:
 Nor with unskilful pious Haste increase
 The swelling Passion which you strive to ease;
 But sooth the Pain awhile, and bring Relief,
 With all the softest Elegance of Grief.
 In sad complaining Sounds her Sighs return,
 (mourn.
 And own, your QUEEN has wond'rous Cause to
 But then intreat her to regard our Fears,
 And count the vast Expence of *Royal Tears*.

(spare,
 May Heav'n, and she, if Heav'n our Crimes can
 Make that inestimable Life their Care.
 That we implore, with anxious Fears oppress'd,
 Solicitous for That, and thoughtless of the rest.





A
P O E M
O N

*The Death of our late most gracious
Sovereign Queen A N N E ; and
the Accession of his most excellent
Majesty King G E O R G E.*

From the Latin of Bp. S M A L R I D G E.

WHEN her Britannia wept ELIZA's Doom,
And mourn'd with equal Tears MARIA's Tomb,
As each deserv'd, each equal Muses drew,
Nor to their Heav'n without a Poet flew ;
But now, what bolder Wing her Fame shall try ?
Who follow ANNA thro' the boundless Sky ?

Who shall describe, in an exalted Strain,
 The Wars and Triumphs of a *Female Reign*?
 Who Nations in eternal Leagues rehearse,
 And Peace well worthy an eternal Verse?

Thou, * *Sacred Dome*, whom Royal Founders claim,
 Wonted of old to grace the Royal Name,
 And with a † hundred tuneful Tongues return
 Thy grateful Sorrow to each Prince's Urn,
 Do thou with proper Notes the Youth inspire;
 Breath VIRGIL's Trumpet, touch th' HORACIAN Lyre.
 So may thy Walls to ancient Splendor rise,
 And thy *Athenian* Turrets mate the Skies!

And thou, whose lib'ral Hand my Fortunes rais'd,
 O QUEEN! for ever lov'd, for ever prais'd;
 Receive the Tribute which my Numbers bring,
 While the Muse strikes the *Elegiac* String:
 While Life was thine, how much to thee I owe,
 How plenteous did thy Stream of Blessings flow?
 O! how I grieve, for all thy Bounty gave,
 To bring this mournful Off'ring to thy Grave,
 No Time shall ever from my Mind deface
 Thy Looks, thy Glories, and diviner Grace.
 But most thy ancient Truth, thy pious Soul,
 With constant Glowings in my Bosom roll;
 The dear Rememb'rance ever is impress'd,
 What Love of true Religion warm'd thy Breast!

† Pleas'd

* Christ-Church. † The Number of Students.

† Pleas'd I revolve, as often as I brought
The Suppliant's Pray'r, and for the Wretched fought,
How kind you heard, how plenteous pour'd your Store,
And tho' I ask'd for much, you granted more.
Thus at your Sight Affliction grew more mild,
And Fortune lost her Anger as you smil'd.

O had but envious Death made some Delay,
And not so hasty snatch'd the Royal Prey :
Then, (may her Promises to me be shown)
Thy Muses, *Oxford*, had her Blessings known.
What Domes, O sacred *Mother*, hadst thou seen,
The pious Gift of a religious QUEEN !
How had another *Area* rais'd its Head,
And scornful o'er its ancient Ruins spread !
What Walls had rose ! what lofty Turrets crown'd,
Theme for thy Sons in future Days to sound.
But now, when here the Trav'ler turns his Eyes,
And, ah ! the great unfinish'd Labour spies ;
A double Pity rises from his View,
He-mourns the Publick Loss, and *Oxford's* too.

Who shall *Britannia's* falling State sustain ?
Who fix the Empire of the Land and Main ?
Who ANNA's Greatness and her Virtues bear,
And sooth with equal Pity all our Care ?

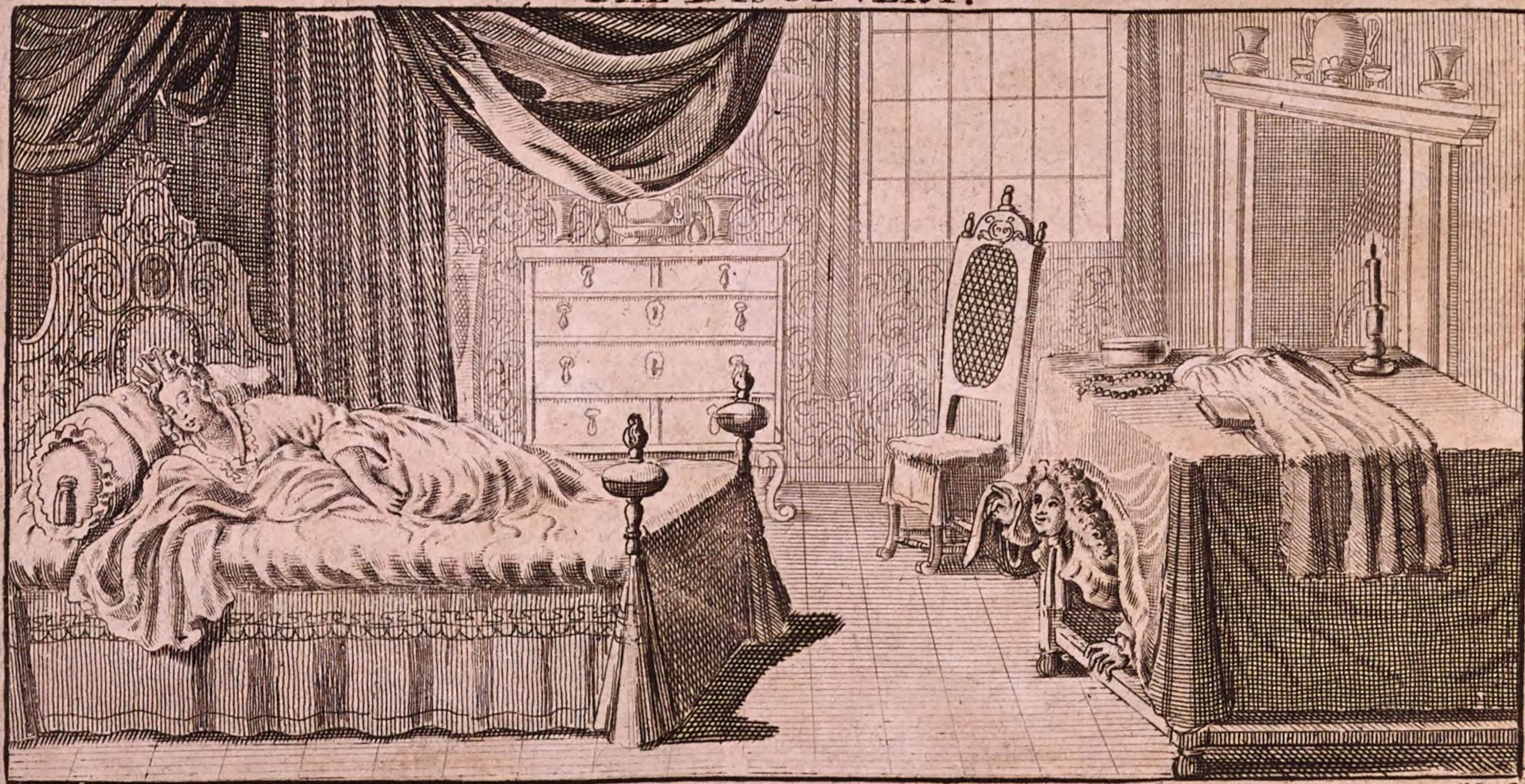
O thou,

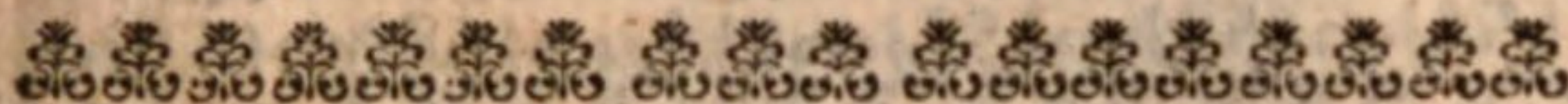
† He was Lord Almoner to her Majesty.

O thou, to whom the Pious QUEEN resign'd
A Scepter equal to thy mighty Mind,
O come, Auspicious! urge thy happy Way,
And blest thy Subjects with a brighter Day.
The Nobles Thee, the Fathers Thee require,
The People Thee their Guardian God desire.
And haply, if the Cares of Publick Weight
Shall call you from the Pomp and Noise of State;
And here incline you in our calm Retreat,
To taste the Pleasures of the Muses Seat.
Then, Mighty Prince, you better here will see
What ANNA left to be perform'd by Thee.
Then better shall this *Loyal House* proclaim
What Reverence she paid to ANNA's Name,
While to her SUCCESSOR she pays the same.

F I N I S.

THE DISCOVERY.





THE
CABINET
OF
LOVE.

——— O passa Genialia praelia Matres,
Virgineam intacta Zonam discingite Sponsæ,
Intrepidofque afflate animos, jam nuda Mariti
Membra Cupidineam fervent intrare Palæstram.

Quillet. Callip. Lib. 2.





The DISCOVERY.

TO *Sylvia's* Room I (unsuspected) stole ;
 Unseen by her, I crept into a Hole,
 Where I could view the spacious Room all round,
 Observe the Nymph, and not by her be found.
 When first I enter'd, on the Bed she lay,
 Her Face half out, like *Sol* at Break of Day ;
 And now, like him, she thinks it Time to rise ;
 As he unclouds, so she unveils her Eyes ;
 Then by Degrees, she rais'd her self upright,
Phœbus himself ne'er yet appear'd so bright ;
 So clear she seem'd, did not her sable Hair
 Eclipse her Eyes, there'd be no looking there.
 She naked stood, whilst I with Joy adore
 The finest Shape I e'er had seen before ;
 Her little pretty panting Bubbles were
 As white as Snow, and as the Chrystal clear.
 I something saw, which was but thinly hair'd,
 It not too bushy, nor too bald appear'd ;
 The Charms of which, I'll from the Reader hide,
 For 'twas more lovely than I can describe.

The Sight of which set all my Blood on Fire,
 Made — foam with over-much Desire,
 And swelling, shew'd he wanted to be nigher.
 Oh! there I thought I could for ever dwell,
 Partaking Bliss beyond what Tongue can tell;
 The Sight would nourish me ten thousand Years,
 Give solid Joys, which are unmix'd with Fears.
 I blest'd my Eyes, and would not change my Seat
 For all the Pompous Riches of the Great.
 She turn'd her round, then fate upon the Bed;
 Her Lilly Hands pull'd ope her Maiden-head.
 She strove to view what I more plain could see,
 Which rais'd my Passion to an Extasy.
 The Sight alone soon made me shed my —,
 And spill that — of which she stood in Need.
 Then from the Table she her Garment took,
 Where, in her Pocket, was a bawdy Book;
 Which she remov'd, and thence drew out a Tool,
 Much like to that with which Men Women rule;
 She it apply'd where I'm ashamed to tell,
 And acted what I could have done as well.
 Soon from her Womb a slimy Matter sprung;
 Poor — starts, and thinks he suffers Wrong;
 And in Revenge, he now again lets fly,
 And spewing, fell down in an Agony.
 With Transport he some little Time lay dead;
 But soon reviving, rais'd his Coral Head.
 She now leaves off, and lays the D—— by;
 Then with the Sheet rubs her *Tu-quoque* dry,
 And wipes the M——e off her snowy Thigh.

Thus

Thus she prepar'd to put her Vestments on,
 Which shade her Body as a Cloud the Sun.
 Some with fine Cloaths do make themselves more bright,
 But she shines fairest in her nat'ral Light,
 And needs no Colour to set off her Mien,
 Who is all lovely, and of Beauty Queen.
 As soon as drest, she from the Chamber went,
 And left me sighing in my Tenement :
 I then crept out, and to the Bed I ran,
 And kiss'd the Pillow that her Cheeks lay on.
 I found the D——, which I brought away,
 Whilst it was warm with the 'fore-mention'd Play ;
 And was resolv'd, that he no more should prove
 Poor —— Rival, who can only move
 The Lust of Ladies, and not lay their Love. }
 'Tis I, said ——, that must quench the Fire ;
 The most you do, serves but to raise Desire :
 Thou lifeless, sapless, frozen, stubborn Tool,
 Dost think thou can'st the Hearts of Women rule ?
 No one that ever knew the Worth of me,
 Will after take up with unjuicy thee.
 Thus he insults this new ta'en Prisoner,
 Like some ambitious upstart Emperor, }
 Who has just ended a successful War.
 I thought it now was Time to quit the Room,
 And pass at Home my humble Captive's Doom.



DILDOIDES.

By Mr. BUTLER, *Author of Hudibras.*

Occasion'd by the Burning a Hogshead of those Commodities at Stocks-Market, in the Year 1672, pursuant to an Act of Parliament then made for the prohibiting of French Goods.

SUCH a sad Tale prepare to hear,
As claims from either Sex a Tear.
Twelve *Dildoes*, meant for the Support
Of aged Lechers of the Court,
Were lately burnt by impious Hand
Of trading Rascals of the Land,
Who envying their curious Frame,
Expos'd these *Priaps* to the Flame.
Oh! barbarous Times! when Deities
Are made themselves a Sacrifice!

Some

Some were compos'd of shining Horns,
 More precious than the Unicorn's.
 Some were of Wax, where ev'ry Vein,
 And smallest Fibre, were made plain.
 Some were for tender Virgins fit,
 Some for the large falacious Slit
 Of a rank Lady, tho' so torn,
 She hardly feels when Child is born.

Dildo has Nose, but cannot smell,
 No Stink can his great Courage quell;
 At Sight of Plaister he'll ne'er fail,
 Nor faintly ask you what you ail?
 Women must have both Youth and Beauty,
 Ere —, damn'd Rogue, will do his Duty;
 And then sometimes he will not stand to
 Whate'er Gallant or Mistress can do.

But I too long have left my Heroes,
 Who fell into worse Hands than Nero's;
 Twelve of them shut up in a Box,
 Martyrs as true as are in Foxe,
 Were seiz'd upon, as Goods forbidden,
 Deep under lawful Traffick hidden;
 When Counsel grave, of deepest Beard,
 Were call'd for out of City-Herd.
 But see the Fate of cruel Treachery,
 Those Goats in Head, but not in Lechery,
 Forgetting each his Wife and Daughter,
 Condemn'd these *Dildoes* to the Slaughter:

Cuckolds

Cuckolds with Rage were blinded so,
They did not their Preservers know.
One less fanatick than the rest,
Stood up, and thus himself addrest:

These *Dildoes* may do Harm, I know;
But pray what is it may not so?
Plenty has often made Men proud,
And above Law advanc'd the Crowd:
Religion's Self has ruin'd Nations,
And caused vast Depopulations;
Yet no wise People e'er refus'd it,
'Cause Knaves and Fools sometimes abus'd it;
Are you afraid lest merry Griggs
Will wear false — like Perriwigs;
And being but to small ones born,
Will great ones have of Wax and Horn.
Since even that promotes our Gain,
Methinks unjustly we complain,
If Ladies rather chuse to handle
Our Wax in *Dildo*, than in Candle,
Much Good may't do 'em, so they pay for't,
And that the Merchant never stay for't:
For, Neighbours, is't not all one whether
In — or Shoes they wear our Leather?
Whether of Horn they make a Comb,
Or Instrument, to chafe the Womb.
Like you, I Monsieur *Dildo* hate;
But the Invention let's translate.

You

You treat 'em may like *Turks* and *Jews*,
 But I'll have two for my own Use.
Priapus was a *Roman* Deity,
 And much has been the World's Variety ;
 I am resolv'd I'll none provoke,
 From th' humble *Garlick*, to the *Oak*.
 He paus'd, another strait stept in,
 With limber —, and grisly *Chin*,
 And thus did his *Harangue* begin.

For *Soldiers*, maim'd by *Chance* of *War*,
 We artificial *Limbs* prepare :
 Why then should we bear so much *Spite*
 To *Lechers* maim'd in am'rous *Fight* ?
 That what the *French* send for *Relief*,
 We thus condemn as *Witch* or *Thief* ?
 By *Dildo*, *Monsieur* sure intends
 For his *French* *Pox* to make *Amends* ;
Dildo, without the least *Disgrace*,
 May well supply the *Lover's* *Place*,
 And make our elder *Girls* ne'er care for't,
 Though't were their *Fortune* to dance *bare-Foot*.
Leachers, whom *Clap* or *Drink* disable,
 Might here have *Dildoes* to their *Navel*.
 Did not a *Lady* of great *Honour*
 Marry a *Foot-man* waiting on her ?
 When one of these timely apply'd,
 Had eas'd her *Lust*, and sav'd her *Pride* ;
 Safely her *Ladyship* might have spent,
 While such *Gallants* in *Pocket* went.

Honour

Honour it self might use the Trade,
 While — goes in Masquerade.
 Which of us able to prevent is
 His Girl from lying with his 'Prentice,
 Unless we other Means provide
 For Nature to be satisfy'd ?
 And what more proper than this Engine,
 Which would out-do 'em, should three Men join.
 I therefore hold it very foolish,
 Things so convenient to abolish ;
 Which shou'd we burn, Men justly may
 To that one Act the Ruin lay
 Of all that throw themselves away.

At this, all Parents Hearts began
 To melt apace, and not a Man
 In all the Assembly, but found
 These Reasons solid were and found.
 Poor Widows then with Voices shrill,
 And Shouts of Joy the Hall did fill ;
 For wicked P—t—s have no Mind to her,
 Who has no Money, nor no Jointure.

Then one in Haste broke thro' the Throng,
 And cry'd aloud, Are we among
 Heathens or Devils, to let 'scape us
 The Image of the God *Priapus* ?
 Green-sickness Girls will strait adore him,
 And wickedly fall down before him :

For

For him each superstitious Hussy
Will Temples make of *Tussy Mussy*.
Idolatry will fill the Land,
And all true ——— forget to stand.
Curs'd be the Wretch, who found these Arts
Of losing us the Womens Hearts ;
For will they not henceforth refuse one,
When they have all that they had Use on ?
Or how shall I make one to pity me,
Who enjoys Man in his Epitome ?
Besides, what greater Deviation
From sacred Rites of Propagation,
Than turning th' Action of the Pool
Whence we all come, to Ridicule ?
The Man that would have Thunder made
With brazen Road, for Courser made,
In my Mind did not half so ill do,
As he that found this wicked *Dildo*.
Then let's with common Indignation,
Now cause a sudden Conflagration
Of all these Instruments of Lewdness ;
And, Ladies, take it not for Rudeness ;
For never was so base a Treachery
Contriv'd by Mortals against Lechery.
Men would kind Husbands seem and able,
With feigned Lust, and borrow'd Bawble.
Lovers themselves would dress their Passion
In this fantastick new *French* Fashion ;
And with false Heart and Member too,
Rich Widows for Convenience wooe.

But

But the wise City will take Care,
That Men shall vend no such false Ware.

See now th'unstable vulgar Mind
Shook like a Leaf with ev'ry Wind ;
No sooner had he spoke, but all
With a great Rage for Faggots call :
The Reasons which before seem'd good,
Were now no longer understood.
This last Speech had the fatal Power
To bring the *Dildoes* latest Hour.

PRIAPUS thus, in Box oppress'd,
Burnt, like a *Phaenix* in her Nest ;
But with this fatal Diff'rence dies,
No *Dildoes* from his Ashes rise.





The DELIGHTS of
V E N U S.

Translated from MEURSIUS.

When Nature once, like Nile, the — o'erflows,
 The clammy Womb, like Egypt, fruitful grows;
Octavia now began, just in her Prime,
 To stain her Linnen with a monthly Slime.
 Just at Sixteen her Breasts began to heave,
 And into Snow-white Semi-Globes to cleave.
 On *Venus* Mount the Hair a Cov'ring made,
 To hide Love's Altar with an envious Shade.
 Grown ripe, her itching Fancy Pleasure feigns,
 Yet scarce knows what the Titilation means.
 All Night she thinks on Man, both toils and sweats,
 And dreaming —, and — upon the Sheets;

But

But never knew the more substantial Blifs,
And scarce e'er touch'd a Man, but by a Kifs.
Her Virgin — ne'er knew the Joys of Love,
Beyond what D——, or her Finger gave.
Yet fain would ſhe this private Secret know,
From whence, and how the mutual Pleaſures flow
To Man and Wife. Then from her Bed ſhe roſe,
To *Tullia* went, and begg'd her to diſcloſe
The Grief ſhe ſuffer'd on her Bridal Night;
The Charms, the Raptures, and the ſoft Delight,
That make the large Amends for all the Pain
Which narrow — Virgins do ſuſtain.
Tullia conſents, and thus the Tale began.

Tull.] When I came reeking from the Bridal Bed,
Eas'd of that hateful Thing, a Maiden-head;
Having juſt taſted Man, juſt newly —,
Finding the Pleaſure ſo ſublime, I cry'd,
And ſaid, How long have I ſupinely laid,
And dreamt, and languish'd in a lonely Bed?
'Till this laſt bliſſful Night, I've liv'd in vain,
And ne'er enjoy'd that God-like Creature, Man.
Had I but known the Blifs, or had I gueſs'd
At the Delights with which I'm now poſſeſs'd,
I had not ſtay'd for Marriage, that State-Trick,
But loſt my Reputation for a —.
Let not what I relate diſcourage you,
And all that happen'd, you ſhall truly know.
Callus the Bridegroom, and my ſelf the Bride,
Dreſs'd and adorn'd in all the wanton Pride

That

That Art invents, Youth's Beauty to improve,
 And adds fresh Fire to our impatient Love,
 Were forc'd, altho' unwilling, to dispense
 With Kissing, and much more Impertinence.
 But when our Friends and Wedding-Guests were gone,
 And in the Scene of Love we left alone,
 Naked I lay clasp'd in my *Callus's* Arms,
 Dreading, yet longing for his sweetning Charms ;
 Two burning Tapers spread around their Light,
 And chas'd away the Darknefs of the Night,
 When *Callus* from my panting Bosom flew,
 And with him from the Bed, the Bed-cloaths drew.
 I to conceal my naked Body try'd,
 And what he wish'd to see, I strove to hide.
 But what I held, with Force he pull'd away,
 'Till naked as a new-born Babe I lay.
 I blush'd, but yet my Thoughts were pleas'd to find
 My self so laid, and him I lov'd, so kind.
 Strugling I lay, expos'd to his Eyes ;
 He view'd my Breast, my Belly, and my Thighs,
 And ev'ry Part that there adjacent lies.
 No Part or Limb his eager Eyes escap'd,
 Nay, my plump B——ks too he saw and clasp'd.
 He dally'd thus, thus rais'd the lustful Fire,
 'Till Modesty was vanquish'd by Desire.
 I then look'd up, which yet I had not done,
 And saw his Body naked as my own.
 I saw his —— with active Vigour strong,
 Thick as my Arm, and, 'Faith, almost as long.

Of cruel Smart I knew I should not fail,
Because his ——— so large, my ——— so small,
He soon perceiv'd my Blushing and Surprise,
And strait my Hand unto his ——— did seize;
Which bigger grew, and did more stiffly stand,
Feeling the Warmth of my enliv'ning Hand.
Thus far I've told you of the pleasing Sight;
You know that ——— our darling Favourite.

It is defin'd, a hollow boneless Part,
Of better Use, and nobler than the Heart;
With Mouth, but without Eyes; it has a Head
Soft as the Lips, and as the Cherry red;
The ——— hang dangling in their hairy ———,
From whence proceed the Spring of tickling Floods.
Good ——— should be both thick as well as tall,
Your F——— D——— are a Size too small.
At first they're hardly in our ——— contain'd;
For Maidenheads are by much Labour gain'd:
But Men, well furnish'd with stout ———, are wont
To force their Passage thro' a bleeding ———.
Man's unesteem'd, a hated Monster made,
When his ——— short, and can't for Favour plead,
Women do not the Man, but ——— wed;
For Marriage-Joys are center'd in the Bed.
Now *Callus* strok'd and kiss'd my Milk-white Breast;
He fell, and saw the Beauties of the rest;
Stroking my Belly down, he did descend
To the lov'd Place where all his Joys must end.

He seiz'd my ———, and gently pull'd the Hair ;
 At that I trembled ; there began my Fear.
 My soft and yielding Thighs he open forc'd,
 And quite into my ——— his Finger thrust ;
 With which he grop'd, and search'd my — all round,
 And of a Maid the certain Tokens found.
 Then wide as could be stretch'd, my Thighs he spread,
 Under my B——ks too a Pillow laid,
 And told me then the fairest Mark was made.
 Then prostrate threw himself upon my Breast,
 That groan'd, with such unusual Weight oppress'd.
 My ——— plump Lips his Fingers drew aside,
 And then to enter, but in vain he try'd :
 His Body nimbly up and down he mov'd,
 Against my ——— his stiff T—— stood.
 Sharp was the Pain I suffer'd, yet I bore't,
 Resolving not to interrupt the Sport ;
 When suddenly I felt the trickling ———
 O'erflow my ———, my Belly, and the Bed.
 I saw his ———, when *Callus* from me rose,
 Limber and weak, hang down his snotty Nose ;
 For when ——— their Stiffness then they lose.
 But soon my *Callus* fix'd his Launce upright,
 Rais'd by my Hand, again prepar'd to fight ;
 Tho' then within my ——— he could not ———,
 Oft times he swore the Error he would mend,
 And the warm Juice thro' ev'ry Passage send,
 About my ——— I felt a burning Pain,
 Yet long'd with more Success to try again.

Callus once more new-mounted, to begin,
 Gave me his ———, and begg'd I'd put it in.
 At first against such Impudence I rail'd;
 But he with moving Arguments prevail'd:
 He kiss'd, and pray'd, and would not be deny'd,
 And said ——— blind, and needs must have a Guide.
 Where there's no Path, no Track, he runs astray;
 But in a beaten Road can find his Way.
 I put it in, and made the Passage stretch,
 Whilst he push'd on, t'enlarge the narrow Breach.
 His ——— bore forward with such Strength and Pow'r,
 (before.
 That 'twould have made a ———, had there been none
 When half was in, and but one half remain'd,
 I sigh'd aloud, and of the Smart complain'd.
 As he push'd on, the Pain I sharper found,
 And drew his Weapon from my bleeding Wound.
Callus is vex'd to loose his half-won Prize,
 And spews his juicy ——— upon my Thighs.
 My Hand upon my mangled ——— I laid,
 To feel the monstrous Wound his ——— had made,
 And found my Blood had all besmear'd the Bed.
 Too late I did repent my cursed Fate,
 And thus exclaim'd against a marry'd State.

Are these the tempting Joys to Wedlock join'd?
 Are these the Joys that damn half Woman-kind?
 Will the God *Hymen* nothing else suffice,
 But bleeding Virgins for a Sacrifice?

Men reap the Pleasure, Women all the Pain ;
 Our Grief's their Sport, they laugh when we complain.
 But that a Husband now must be obey'd,
 I'd always — my self, and die a Maid.
 But *Callus* laugh'd, and at my Sorrow smil'd,
 And with a Kiss would fain be-reconcil'd ;
 My dearest Duck, my charming Fair, he cry'd,
 (Whilst I in Sighs and Groans alone reply'd.)

Call.] Dost, like a Child, for trivial Smart repine?
 In Time our Bodies we with Ease shall join ;
 Then must I drudge, while all the Pleasure's thine. }
 Virgins can ne'er reap Wounds in *Venus'* Wars,
 But the Blood flows from honourable Scars.
 Like thee I suffer, and like thee I bleed ;
 View my fore — his tender wounded Head.
 When, *Tullia*, this prolific Seed you spill'd,
 An Infant, ere begot or born, you kill'd.
 Had half this — within your — been laid,
 'Twould thee a Mother, me a Father made.
 Wipe off those Tears, and as a Wife comply ;
 We'll — again, and a new Method try.

Tull.] I knew my Folly justly was reprov'd,
 And blush'd, but yet my kind Reprover lov'd ;
 I then submissive did for Pardon look,
 And hugg'd him to my Bosom as I spoke.
 Forgive the Weakness of a tender Maid,
 And still what you command shall be obey'd.
 What Faults my Ignorance commits, forgive,
 And I'll no more 'gainst your Endeavours strive.

My

My nice affected Modesty's subdu'd ;
And what you bid, I'll do, tho' ne'er so lewd :
Still will I be consenting to thy Will,
And now get up, my Love, and take thy Fill ;
If you will try once more, I will comply,
Tho' I to ——— do a Martyr die

When with a sporting Fondness this I said,
My Hand upon his ——— I boldly laid.

Cullus reply'd ; *Tullia*, my Soul, my Life !
How dull, how ignorant's a Maiden Wife ?
Should I return thee to thy Mother's Arms,
Ere fully I've enjoy'd thy Virgin-Charms,
She'd call me Bungler, if there's nothing done,
And think me most unfit to be her Son.
Pleasure, when got with Pain, augments our Joys ;
But when its got with Ease, too soon it cloy.
Thy kind Assurance promises Success,
Which should I not obtain, you'd love me less.
Untimely Modesty deserveth Blame ;
Then, since thou art a Novice at the Game,
Yield to my Wish, and do as I advise ;
Experience in this has made me wise.
Then from the Window he an Ointment brought,
Which his too hasty Passion had forgot.
His ——— smelt sweet with what was rubb'd upon't,
And seem'd as fitting for my Mouth as ———.
As soon as this was done, he made me rise,
And place my self upon my Hands and Thighs.

My Head down stooping on the Bed did lie,
 But my round B——ks lifted were on high,
 Just like a Cannon plac'd against the Sky.
 My bloody Smock he then turn'd up behind,
 As if to —— me he had design'd:
 Then with his sweet and flipp'ry —— drew near,
 And vig'rously he charg'd me in the Rear.
 His ——, as soon as to my —— apply'd,
 Up to the Hilts into my —— did slide.
 He ——, and ask'd me if my —— was sore?
 Or his —— hurt me as it did before?

I answer'd, No, my Dear; on, do not cease;
 But, oh! do thus, do thus as long as e'er you please.
 This Stroke did fully answer our Intent,
 For at one Instant both together ——.
 Just as we ——, I cry'd, I faint, I die,
 And fell down in a blissful Extasy.
 Kind *Callus* then drew out his ——, and said,
 There, pretty Fool, you've lost your Maiden-head.

Of all the Joys that to Delight are wont,
 There's none so sweet as —— in a ——.
 Each rapt'rous Sense is so divinely blest'd,
 As can't by wisest Mortals be express'd.
 I did my Fears and rash Repentance blame,
 And all my former Follies did disclaim:
 Tho' all my Body were one bleeding Wound,
 Yet still the Pleasure is too cheaply found.

For

For ——— and ——— so mutually do love,
They'll all Obstructions to their Bliss remove:
(When Appetite provokes) the good old Cause,
A ——— is then our Liberty and Laws;
Then if all ——— down to Hell were hurl'd,
That luscious darling Sin would damn the World.

Now *Callus* had his rampant Fury laid,
And limber ——— hung down his dangling Head,
Since made a perfect Woman, ——— and I
Arriv'd at much Familiarity.
But languishing poor ——— could do no more;
Tho' not for Want of Will, but Want of Pow'r.

But *Callus* swore, by all Love's mighty Gods,
He'd reinforce the Vigour of his ———.

Then with Confections and a willing Mind,
Once more ——— was to ——— inclin'd.
I *Callus* then betwixt my Thighs receiv'd,
And nimbly up and down my B——ks heav'd.
Callus observing well the gamesome Play,
Within ——— Lips his standing ——— did lay,
Then with a lusty Thrust ——— spew'd
A Show'r of ———, and all my Womb bedew'd;
I too let fly, and did so much abound
In ———, I had almost poor ——— drown'd.
Weary with Toil, and spent, while *Callus* slept,
I from the Bed into the Chamber stept,
Hoping I should not be by *Callus* miss'd,
I set the Piss-Pot to my ——— and piss'd;

But the salt Water, whilst 'twas trickling down,
 Caus'd a sharp Pain I ne'er before had known ;
 So whilst I sigh'd, and my poor ——— bewail'd,
 And 'gainst the too large ——— that made it, rail'd,
Callus awak'd ; I blush'd, he laugh'd aloud,
 To see upon my Thighs such Streams of Blood.
 So, to conclude, *Callus* no Time did lose,
 But ——— me nine Times well before I rose.

Now, boldly put in Practice what you hear,
 And don't the Loss of Reputation fear,
 But a good ——— 'fore all Things else prefer.

And since the wanton Tale has rais'd Desire,
 Go ——— your self, and quench the lustful Fire.

Thus *Tullia* did her luscious Story end,
 And with new Raptures fill her am'rous Friend.
 The Fires which she before had long conceal'd,
 Now rag'd aloft, and would not be repell'd.
 She curs'd herself, that so much Time she'd spent,
 And ne'er knew what delicious ——— meant.
 Tho' she was to be marry'd the next Day,
 She thought 'twas much too long for her to stay ;
 And thus to *Tullia* quickly she reply'd,
 Have I, dull I, to sixteen Years arriv'd,
 And ne'er the Pleasure known of being ——— ?
 How many glorious Days have I pass'd by,
 And ne'er yet tasted this ecstasick Joy ?
 'Till now a perfect Idiot I liv'd,
 And seem as from a Lethargy reviv'd.

'Tis

'Tis true, I've felt before, soft, gentle Fires,
 Pin'd with strange Wishes, and unknown Desires.
 Oft have I wonder'd why my Blood should rise,
 My Spirits flash, and sparkle in my Eyes,
 When Man has only kiss'd me by Surprise.
 Something it fill'd me with, I can't relate,
 And made me languish for I know not what.
 But prithee, dearest *Tullia*, now go on,
 And finish what you have so well begun;
 Instruct me well in this mysterious Art,
 And hide not from me the minutest Part.
 The Tale you've told, has rais'd a furious Flame;
 Is there no Way you can its Fury tame?
 I cannot 'till to-Morrow, cannot stay;
 Contrive before this Lechery to lay,
 My Finger I don't like, for that's a foolish Way.
Tullia reply'd, my dear *Octavia*, you,
 That I can teach, shall ev'ry Secret know.
 Come this Way, I've a pretty Engine here,
 Which us'd to ease the Torments of the Fair;
 And next those Joys which *charming Man* can give,
 This best a Woman's Passion can relieve.
 This D—— 'tis, with which I oft was wont
 T' assuage the Raging of my lustful ——
 For when —— swell, and glow with strong Desire,
 'Tis only —— can quench the lustful Fire;
 And when that's wanting, —— must supply
 The Place of —— upon Necessity.
 Then on your Back lie down upon the Bed,
 And lift your Petticoats above your Head;

I'll shew you a new Piece of Lechery,
 For I'll the Man, you shall the Woman be.
 Your thin transparent Smock, my Dear, remove,
 That last blest'd Cover to the Scene of Love.
 What's this I see! you fill me with Surprise,
 Your charming Beauties dazzle quite my Eyes!
 Gods! what a Leg is here! what lovely Thighs!
 A Belly too, as polish'd Iv'ry, white,
 And then a ——— would charm an Anchorite!
 Oh! now I wish I were a Man indeed,
 That I might gain thy pretty Maidenhead.
 But since, my Dear, I can't my Wish obtain,
 Let's now proceed t'instruct you in the Game;
 That Game that brings the most substantial Bliss;
 For ——— of all Games the sweetest is.
 Ope wide your Legs, and throw them round my Back,
 And clasp your snowy Arms about my Neck.
 Your B——ks then move nimbly up and down,
 Whilst with my Hand I thrust the D—— Home.
 You'll feel the Titilation by and by;
 Have you no Pleasure yet, no tickling Joy?
 Oh! yes, yes, just now I faint, I die.
 Octavia now, quite spent, to Tullia said,
 Oh! what a foolish ign'rant Thing's a Maid?
 I long impatiently 'till I am led
 To that vast Scene of Bliss, a Genial Bed.
 If simple ——— can such Joys produce,
 What must proceed from Man's prolifick Juice?
 Oh! that must please one sure to such Excess,
 That no one can its Charms in Words express.

'Tis true, my *Tullia*, you have made me wise,
And drawn this Cloud of Ign'rance from my Eyes.
But, Faith, 'tis well I shall to-Morrow wed,
Or else I'm sure I never could have staid,
But must have thrown away that Toy a Maidenhead.

Tullia, then smiling, to her Pupil cry'd,
I'm glad I've made you fit to be a Bride ;
Therefore I hope, that when you're in the Act,
You will upon the Pains I've took, reflect,
And say, To *Tullia* 'tis this Bliss I owe,
For she to me did first the Secrets show,
How 'tis the Pleasure does from Man to Woman flow.
She taught me first the Raptures which proceed
From the Injection of Man's gen'rous —.

But now let us, with needful Sleep, awhile
Refresh our Limbs, tir'd with the pleasing Toil,
In grateful Slumbers pass the Night away,
In Expectation of the coming Day ;

Which in thy richest Pride and Glory dress'd,
Shall give thee to the Youth to be possess'd,
And reap those Joys which cannot be express'd.





Lord *ROCHESTER*

Against his

WHORE-PIPE.

WAS ever Mortal Man like me,
Continually in Jeopardy,
And always, filly P——, by thee!

'Tis strange you should be still so stout!
Have you forgot the double Clout,
That lately swath'd your dropping Snout?

But why should I at that admire,
When Ulcers, fill'd with liquid Fire,
Could not from ——— make thee retire!

But in these hot and rigid Pains,
When Venom runs through all thy Veins,
(The Product of thy tainted Reins)

Then,

Then, even then, thou didst essay
To lead my tim'rous Flesh astray,
Still pushing, though you made no Way.

There's not a Petticoat goes by,
But from my God-piece out you fly,
Not to be held 'twixt Hand and Thigh.

I never felt a soft white Hand,
But *Hector* like you strutting stand,
As if the World you would command.

Then must I never rest, 'till she
Chafe and squeeze out my Lechery,
Which is the very Strength of me?

For all these crying Sins of thine,
The suffering Part is always mine,
'Tis I am cramm'd with *Turpentine*.

For my Sake and your own, beware,
Remember that you mortal are,
And liable to Scald and Scar.

But if audaciously you still
Will ——— be against my Will,
Know, thus thy Leachery I'll kill.

Cakes of Ice shall wall thee in,
'Till thou appear'st nought else but Skin,
Not like a ———, but Chitterlin.

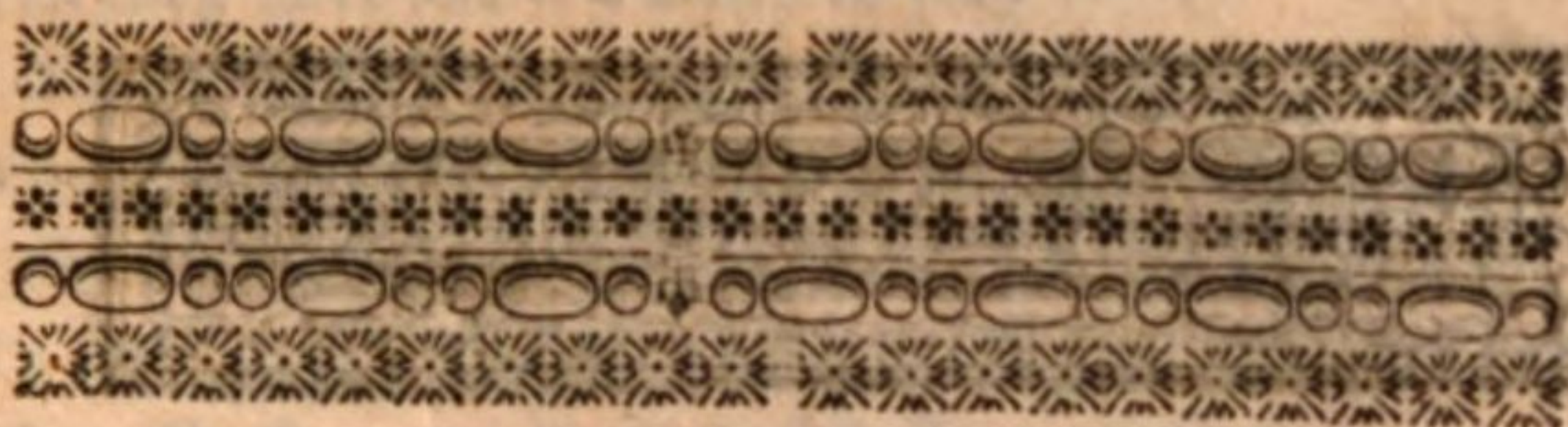
If what I've said, will nothing do,
But sniveling ——— you still pursue,
Loving in Filth and Stench to stew,

My Sentence I'll in Action put,
Which shall so tame thee, not to rut,
That thou shalt rivel like a Gut.

For know, in Snow I'd rather lie,
Than still in *Ætna's* Flames to fry;
Thus ——— I'll tame thy Lechery.



THE



THE
Mock S O N G.

I Love as well as others do;
I'm young, not yet deform'd;
My tender Heart, sincere and true,
Deserves not to be scorn'd.
Why, PHILLIS, then, why will you lie
With forty Lovers more?
Can I (said she) with Nature vie?
Alas! I am, alas! I am a Whore.
Were all my Body larded o'er
With Darts of Love so thick,
That you might find in ev'ry Pore
A well hung standing —;
Whilst yet my Eyes alone were free,
My Heart would never doubt,
In am'rous Rage and Ecstasy
To wish those Eyes, to wish those Eyes — out.



A N

INTERLUDE.

Actus I. Scenâ I.

*The Scene, A Bed-Chamber.**Enter Tarfander and Swivanthie.*

Tarf. **F**OR standing — we kind Nature thank,
 And yet adore those — that make 'em lank.
 Unhappy Mortals! whose sublimest Joy
 Preys on itself, and does itself destroy.

Swi. Do not thy —, Nature's best Gift, despise,
 That Girl that made it fall, will make it rise;
 Tho' it awhile the am'rous Combat shun,
 And seems from mine into thy Belly run,
 Yet 'twill return more vig'rous and more fierce
 Than flaming Drunkard, when he's dy'd in Tierce.

R

It but retires as losing Gamblers do,
'Till they have rais'd a Stock to play anew.

Tarf. What Pleasure has a Gamester, if he knows,
Whene'er he plays, that he must always lose?

Swi. What ——— loses, 'twere a Pain to keep;
We say not that our Nights are lost in Sleep;
What Pleasures we in those soft Wars employ,
We do not waste, but to the full enjoy.

[*Ex. Tarfander.*]

Enter CELIA.

Cel. Madam, methinks those sleepy Eyes declare,
Too lately you have eas'd a Lover's Care;
I fear you have with Interest repaid
Those eager Thrusts which at your ——— he made.

Swi. With Force united, my lost Heart he storm'd,
Like Age he doated, but like Youth perform'd.
She that alone her Lover can withstand,
Is more than *Woman*, or he less than *Man*.

[*Exeunt.*]



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